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THE MOOD OF AMERICA

BY SIR FREDERICK WHYTE, K.C.S.I.

THE Royal Visit to the United States is an appropriate moment at which to consider where Anglo-American relations, in their new aspect, stand to-day. The word "new" is here used to suggest that the relations of the two countries have long passed out of the phase of Anglo-Saxon sentiment as expressed in the familiar phrases, "blood is thicker than water", and "hands across the sea". The British visitor to the United States is too apt to arrive there with the idea that he will find something like a reproduction of the old country under new disguise. He rarely crosses the ocean with the knowledge that America is, in fact, a foreign country. When he arrives he is constantly assailed by the contrasts between Britain and America rather than by any evidence of similarity. For instance, when the King crosses the Canadian border he will find that in all the little things that make up the life of man, and in most of the greater ones too, America is a foreign country. At the same time, he will have been constantly reminded that in language, in the Common Law, in literature and in history, the springs of American life flow from the same historic sources as our own. And, as the British Sovereign, he will very early have discovered that there is a warm place in the American heart both for the British King and even for the institution of the Monarchy.

Some years ago I had the opportunity of addressing a class in a Western University in the Historical Faculty. Their Professor had invited me to take the class and to undertake the difficult task of describing how the British Constitution actually worked in time of crisis. The special occasion, recent enough in all minds, was the crisis of 1931, when Britain went off the Gold Standard and established the National Government in its first form. After describing, on the basis of contemporary

evidence, the operation of the Constitution at that period, I concluded with an appreciation of the function of the Monarchy in British national life; and, as the Jubilee of George V had given recent evidence of the unique position which the King had won in Great Britain during his reign of twenty-five years, I brought my academic hour to an end with a word on the Monarchy as an institution and the significance of the Jubilee as a personal tribute to the man himself. I was completely taken aback by the force and volume of the ovation which greeted my inadequate tribute to the King; and this demonstration by the undergraduates of a Western American University was all the more remarkable because their surnames bore little resemblance to Smith, Jones, Brown, or Robinson. In a real sense, therefore, it is true to say that the Monarchy is one of our common possessions and ought to be added to the list given above.

Now, in some of the American comment on the King's visit when it was first suggested, there was some apprehension that "America" might resent the attempt to exploit this genuine sentiment for a political purpose. Several important writers in the American press warned us that the King's visit might provoke suspicions that he was being used as part of a campaign to draw a reluctant people from their deliberately chosen position of isolation from foreign politics. Doubtless this may be one of the reactions in the minds of some Americans; but I believe that, in the special circumstances of the world to-day, the net result of the King's visit will serve a genuine purpose in all that matters most in the relations between the two countries.

When we come to consider what those relations really are and what they ought to be, we are confronted at once both by real divergence between Britain and America and by those many important things which they have in common and which form a real bond of union. One of the factors which both separate and unite the two nations is language. The English language unites the two countries because they have in the English Bible, in Shakespeare and in all the English classics a possession equally dear to both; but the English language in the common speech of the American people has undergone such a transformation that in many respects it has become a wholly different speech. Ten years ago I attended an International Conference

at which it was necessary to provide an interpreter for the different nationalities present ; but at the end of the discussion a witty American woman pointed out that one provision which the discussion had failed to make was that of an interpreter between the British and the American delegations because, as she said, " The British and the Americans think they speak the same language, but don't ". This is but one among many instances of the difference that strikes the British visitor on his first arrival in New York. But there are other and deeper differences due to the contrast in the historic experience of the two peoples which must be taken into account when considering their political relations to-day. And it is in the field of these political relations that the essence of the Anglo-American problem really lies.

In this regard, most of those who know the two countries best would say, I think, that there is more real knowledge and understanding of Britain in the mind of modern America than there is knowledge of modern America in the mind of Britain, and if ever there is to be a genuine understanding of a political character between the two countries the first contribution to it must be made on this side of the Atlantic. In his message to the Anglo-American Supplement of *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* (May 8, 1939) Mr. Kennedy, the American Ambassador in London, said :

" I have long felt that the people of our two countries do not understand each other as well as they should. We have been far too prone, it seems to me, to concern ourselves with trivialities . . . and it is high time now to familiarize the people of Great Britain with the more serious aspects of life in America ".

With characteristic directness, Mr. Kennedy here goes to the heart of the matter of Anglo-American relations. He would have the people of Great Britain realize that the American people, in their new approach to domestic problems, and in their reaction to the present international emergency, are passing through a radical transition in their history. In both respects the world as a whole has every reason to follow intelligently each phase in the development of American national policy. And if that be true for the world as a whole, it is doubly true for the United Kingdom and the British Commonwealth, because there is no power in the world likely to be more affected both by

American feeling and American policy than the British Empire.

Now, it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the immense programme of social reform which we know as the New Deal ; because at the present moment it is more important for us in Europe to understand the motives behind American international isolation and to appreciate the forces engaged in the struggle now going on over American foreign policy. In a word, the nature of American Neutrality, both as a historic policy and as a contemporary controversy, is a factor in the present emergency the importance of which it is difficult to exaggerate.

Neutrality has been the historic policy of the United States ever since Washington delivered his Farewell Address. The United States has only departed from a neutral position when she believed that her vital interests were threatened by the action of belligerents in Europe. And the American of to-day believes that he can best protect the material interests of his country and maintain its essential ideals by remaining aloof from conflicts arising elsewhere. What he has not yet realized, and what President Roosevelt has been endeavouring to instil into his mind, is that even if the Neutrality Act can protect the United States from the actual physical dangers of war, it cannot insure the country against the ultimate social, economic and political results of warfare on a modern scale. That was the underlying meaning, for instance, of the President's famous speech in Chicago on October 5th, 1937, when he spoke of the necessity for common action by all like-minded nations to protect civilization from the dangers now threatening it. And the true interpretation both of that speech, and of his dramatic interventions at different stages of the present European crisis, is that he was using each occasion as it arose, not to declare American policy, but to make the people of the United States think more clearly about their position in the modern world. How far has he succeeded ? Has his doctrine of international solidarity begun to displace neutrality in the American mind ? The evidence on which to answer this question is neither complete nor consistent. But, as time passes, the evidence grows clearer. The first point that stands out is—that this America which proclaims neutrality as its official policy in a European war is not neutral on what may be called the moral issues of the present

crisis. America has vehemently made up her mind that the dictator States represent a danger to American ideals and that the democracies deserve American sympathy in any attempt to resist aggression. American sympathy — yes ! American support—no. But the denial of active American support is not made with the same emphatic conviction as it used to be.

Moreover, there is instructive evidence of the movement of American opinion in the action of Congress on re-armament. Six months ago—even after Munich—political observers in Washington were saying that the President would have a stiff fight to get his armament programme through Congress. Indeed, as late as January, when Congress assembled, it was freely predicted that the voting in both Houses would follow the lines of existing divisions on the New Deal, with the Republicans and the Conservative Democrats opposing the President, and the New Dealers supporting him in his demand for greater expenditure on arms than America had ever sanctioned except in the Great War. These predictions were completely falsified by the event. The programme passed both Houses by overwhelming majorities. And Mr. Walter Lippmann, commenting on this result in the *New York Herald-Tribune* on March 23rd, said that it was manifest that Congress here represented “ the real opinion of the great mass of the people . . . that aggressions abroad *do* concern the United States and that increased armaments are necessary ”.

Here, then, is the first contradiction among many. In March Congress sanctions an immense American Air Force, and formidable reinforcements of the American Navy. In May the same Congress maintains the first part of the Neutrality Act which forbids the sale of American munitions to European belligerents, and leaves the traffic in non-military commodities in time of war to the ordinary processes of supply and demand. This may not seem to be a contradiction. It may even be said to conform to George Washington's maxim of foreign policy, laid down in his farewell Address in 1796 :—

“ . . . nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded . . . ’Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances, with any portion of the foreign world . . . taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishment, on a respectable defensive

posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies ”.

But the contradiction becomes glaring when we realize how completely the American of to-day violates Washington's principle of moral neutrality, or neutrality in opinion. America has already taken sides ; and such is the vehemence of the American temperament that both moral and statutory neutrality might be submerged overnight in a wave of feeling provoked by some act of aggression. It is therefore important for the foreign observer to watch the working of moral motives in the American mind : more important, indeed, than to try to strike a balance between the conflicting ideas that beset the American mind at any given moment. America moves by moral judgments ; and is already far on the way to some simple ethical conclusion on a great issue before she realizes that, officially and by statute, she is committed to an apparently contrary course.

This moral marrow of the American spirit is the key of American action. It lives unimpaired by all the waywardness of American life. It dictates the private opinion and the public judgment of the nation ; and even Hollywood, which in superficial appearance, escapes all Puritan trammels, comes to heel at the crack of the moral whip. In the field of foreign relations its power is well-nigh unlimited : for, while in cold blood the average American believes in isolation and subscribes both in letter and in spirit to all the maxims of the Farewell Address, he expounds with passionate conviction those very “ antipathies ”—“ inveterate antipathies and passionate attachments ”—against which he was solemnly warned by his most revered Elder Statesman. Europe, to-day, would do well to ponder the significance of this quality in the American nature ; for, just as the attitude of America to any great issue arising in the foreign field is formed by moral reactions to events, so, in the end, American foreign policy must obey the same law. Not for nothing were the founders of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts the children of Puritan England. And the conscience of that England was perhaps the most significant export carried in the hold of the *Mayflower* in 1620. To this day America obeys the dictates of that conscience.

Now, in the earlier stages of the present prolonged crisis in Europe, the American was apt to distribute the blame impartially between the contending nations, with a strong inclination to find in the course of Anglo-French policy since 1918 the principal root of European discord. This again was a simple—an over-simple—moral judgment, delivered without much consideration of America's own responsibility, following the Senate's refusal to ratify the Treaty of Peace in 1919. Generalizing broadly, the American interpreted his own part in the Great War as an altruistic intervention inspired by the desire to create a new world order to replace the former chaos of conflicting sovereignties. He took the character of the Treaty of Versailles as his justification for refusing to co-operate in its execution : and, when the passage of the years showed that the dream of a new world was not coming true, he found in the actual condition of world affairs a convincing reason for isolation. The European, on the other hand, knew that the American argument was too simple and judged the American attitude as insufferably self-righteous. Being aware of the need for the assistance which American co-operation could have given to a continent in distress, he sought to silence the critical voice of America by denying her right to speak in a cause from which she had withdrawn. Thus recrimination reverberated across the Atlantic ; and it was not until the dangerous character of the present crisis forced itself on the attention of American and European alike, that both began to take more realistic views, each of the other. During the Munich phase, America continued to pronounce her unfavourable verdict on European, and more especially on Franco-British, behaviour. And Europe again denied the propriety of this censure from an absentee America. Yet, even this denial of the American right to sit in judgment upon our European shortcomings is not wholly fair. Legitimate it is—and the temptation is almost irresistible—to tell America to hold her peace till she is ready to take part. Nevertheless, it must be resisted. These American verdicts upon European behaviour are not merely the idle comments of an exasperating and irresponsible spectator. They are the movements of a mind thinking aloud, and preparing itself for action to come. And they must be understood as such by every European who

appreciates the decisive importance of the United States in world destiny.

Whatever America may have thought of Versailles, or of Reparations, or of the Ruhr ; or, again of Abyssinia, Manchuria and " Munich " ; she now sees more clearly every day a moral issue arising in Europe. And, once more simplifying the matter in her own way, she refuses to waste tears over the spilt milk of past mistakes and fastens her attention upon the Axis Powers as the enemies of democracy and peace. This is the plain meaning of recent movements of American opinion, revealed by votes in Congress and by the interesting evidence of those polls of public opinion taken by the *Fortune* magazine and by Dr. Gallup of Princeton University. On it I quote Mr. Lippmann again :

" It may be asked whether this anatomy of American opinion does not leave out of account the immense hatred for war and the profound desire for peace. My own view is that American pacifism is not at all, like some pacifism abroad, caused by weakness and fear and decadence. American pacifism is itself the product of the Puritan conscience, which hates the waste and destruction and lawlessness and violence and unrighteousness of war as such. Where the issue between nations is not a moral issue, the Americans are, therefore, very pacifist. But they are not at all pacifist when they feel that something morally vital is at stake in a specific war.

The frontier spirit remains, and Americans are, once they are exasperated, very quick on the trigger.

Of all the people in America who become most impassioned about a moral issue in foreign affairs, the pacifists, the morally outraged pacifists, are the most ardent. The pacifists are, so to speak, the radical wing of American Puritanism. Mr. Hoover was profoundly right, therefore, when he said recently that the massacre of thousands of civilians by the aerial bombardment of London and Paris would produce an uncontrollable indignation in this country. The Americans would have to be a much older nation, a much more tired and morally disillusioned nation than they are in order to sit by and be willing to do nothing about a calculated horror of that sort.

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If this is correct, then there are very practical conclusions to be drawn from it both here and abroad. The dictators should realize that, as indicated by the successive polls, by the tendency of the votes in Congress and by the drift of sentiment as seen by observers, American opinion is now in a state of imminent explosion. A spectacular unprovoked act of violence would almost certainly touch off that explosion. The European democracies and their allies should realize that another Munich will cause another return to isolationism, that they may expect assistance only in so far as they first show that they help themselves.

And the American Congress should realize that the only sure way to keep the American people out of war is to do everything that can now

be done to prevent war. Legislation designed to keep America out after war breaks out will almost certainly be shattered by the moral partisanship of the people. Therefore, the only legislation which can surely be effective is legislation which makes it clear, before the fatal decision is taken abroad, that war is too dangerous a gamble to be risked by the dictators."

We may safely accept this judgment. And, if it be asked what bearing it has on Anglo-American relations, the answer is not difficult to make. America will make her own decision, of her own will and from motives entirely her own. The American advocates of Anglo-American co-operation will play but a small part in influencing the result ; and appeals from this side of the water for that co-operation will play no part, except perhaps an adverse one. But, once the decision is made, whether it be for a partial, or a complete, American intervention to save democracy the driving force behind its execution will be immensely reinforced by the latent, and often open, sympathy with Britain which is a powerful sentiment in many parts of the United States.

Finally, let us remember that, while American eyes are fixed on the dictator States, they will also watch closely the conduct of Great Britain. It behoves us to show that our preparation for the emergency is earnestly and swiftly made, and that we hold in view, as our ultimate purpose, a constructive international policy inspired by the best traditions of Britain in the past. The argument from our conduct is the only argument which America will heed.

OURSELVES AND GERMANY : *A Minority Retrospect*

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

IT is said, and I do not know how to disprove it, that the differences of opinion on the events of the time, particularly the resurgence of Germany, have been sharper among us than at any earlier period within living memory. Certainly we have heard and are hearing great argument, perhaps none the less zealous and sometimes alarming because the numerical strength of the disputants is apparently unequal. There are, however, some points in this contest of our English thoughts and feelings which may be called points of agreement. For example, the intensity of the discussion is itself a sign that the interaction of the English and the German countries is one of the truly important matters in the world. It may also be admitted in general that the understanding between these countries, though at various moments not long ago it seemed to grow clear and to betoken an era of fellowship and serenity, has been affected by events and reverberations—and is at the moment anything but perfect.

On one other point, there is among English disputants, where I have had means to judge, a measure of agreement. Mr. J. M. Keynes perceived and put forward twenty years ago in "the Economic Consequences of the Peace" the sad fact that Versailles had done nothing whatever to ensure that the people of Central Europe would become our good neighbours. Some of us, indeed, insist that in reality we treated our late opponent at the close of the World War with laudable generosity. And if we look back to the first five years or so after the Armistice not with an eye to statistical business or the moves of individual policy but with a remembrance of the common sympathies of the time, we may know that we inclined towards a generous reconciliation with Germany. We went so far as temporarily to excite considerable animosity against us in the mind of

France, and the war-rumour-dealers at one stage even augured that the next bombs to fall on London would not be German. Our Army of Occupation, by all accounts, having 'packed up' a War which had become not only horrible but infinitely dreary, behaved in the Rhineland in a manner which won the regard of the inhabitants. Still, the total action of which we were capable in those days was insufficient to make Versailles anything but a source of future trouble.

Meanwhile, the experiences of 1914-1918 were being reviewed by surviving participants—and were being condemned increasingly as a hideous error. As the tenth year of the uneasy peace approached, an obvious growth of feeling on this matter manifested itself in the publication and the eager reception of a great many books about the late War. These originated in many countries, but particularly in England, and the special characteristic of them all, particularly here, was a desire or rather a spontaneous tendency to examine all our yesterdays without vainglory or lingering hostility. In connection with this movement of literature, and partly strengthened and directed by it, there arose a widespread movement for organized pacifism. I thought that I could detect in it an element of convention, passing for conviction; but on the whole this pacifism and this determination against war, as an inhuman stupidity, appeared to be the genuine spirit of the whole nation. It would delight me if I could add that at the same time our popular feeling included a lively confidence in the League of Nations as a masterly aid in the quelling of the embers of war. Many hopes were centred there; nevertheless, though my impression may have been wrong, I gathered that the League was too remote or too puzzling in its machinery to catch the imagination of the ordinary Englishman. In any case, the awakened memories of four years (which had been four eternities) of frightful havoc, and the remaining distresses of all kinds which had been caused by the War, made us all stand for Peace ten years ago with a solemn resolution.

During the period concerned, the German people had not been precisely in easy street. My first glimpse of them out of uniform was at the time when their currency collapsed, and their wreck looked almost past salvage. It was a trial that was endured

with courage, but with evident and intelligible strain not to be lightly described. Still, the recollection of that people's tremendous displays of bravery and of ability in the War, and notably of the extraordinary efforts which had opened with the offensive of March 21st, 1918, suggested that even these problems would be solved. Like so many others, I expected that solution—and was more concerned (it may not have been a deadly sin) with our anxieties at home. For there were such anxieties, which a later generation should, but commonly does not, take into account. The day when Sir Henry Wilson was assassinated in London stares out of the past as a symbol of those burning questions; and the ultimate calling-off of the bitter warfare in Ireland can never be forgotten by those who lived then. Again, the giant strikes of those years, quite apart from the rights and wrongs of the parties in dispute, filled the thoughts of every citizen, and prevented us in the main from studying the situations of other countries and from considering how far we might be of service there. It was not imagined, outside England, that we could be of any. The General Strike, unless I misread the evidence in the distant country where I then was, was at first viewed as demonstrating our sinking into the confusion and futility long prophesied for us. Its picturesque, British ending was a marvellously successful retort.

In those days one heard it said by thoughtful Englishmen that a new leader (a "Messiah") was badly needed; some one whose personal force and effluence should lead us through our unrest and our complication. None arose. The same idea was spreading in Germany, and, as we now know (here also I hold that agreement is general) a leader *was* forthcoming. It is asserted by those whom I call the majority that the German people has been enslaved by those whom our Press so often calls, in its jovial style, "gangsters"; but from a detached point of view it appears probable that an inspiring personality, suited to German necessities, was recognized in the first onset—and has remained in power because of willing and grateful support. The degree of affection and of confidence given to German administrators by their countrymen varies, and this is admitted in the same way as similar attitudes are admitted by us with reference to those in office: but from all I have heard, or read,

communicated by Germans of various types and positions, there is never the least question or defection touching Adolf Hitler. He is indeed, whether other countries approve it or not, the Leader whose appearance was desired in the midst of former necessities and bedevilments such as in England, with all our troubles, we escaped. To the minority, therefore, the side argument as to the cleavage between the present German government and the German public appears to be a waste of words. The vision of Germany in revolution—perhaps at the call of a novel party eager to have Mr. Harold Nicolson's collaboration—is adduced as "a way out" of our misunderstandings; but it just will not do. Our approach to something of harmony with Germany must, to the best of my knowledge, be founded in a plain admission of the absolute trust that the Germans place in Hitler, who, after all, governs. It may be urged against such a declaration that some episodes in Germany have been enacted without the *Führer's* wish or attention—who shall say? But even were the notion reliably maintained, it would not overthrow the central fact. The *Führer* himself, devoted as his days and nights are to the reconstruction of a great nation, cannot ensure that every question is dealt with as he would himself have done; there are limitations even to Napoleonic energies. No Government can get everything right, even with modern accessories for rapid controls.

Here, too, for what it is worth, I confess my severance from our majority. None of them can admire German method, diligence, ingenuity more than I do, both as having seen them in a state of war and in a far from piping time of peace when, it may be conceded, the world at large has not been giving much encouragement or aid to a suspect political and economic drive. Yet the adversaries of Nazi Germany appear to demand utter perfection and faultlessness—or they announce the whole work to be contemptible. They fasten on this or that case of failure or worse—and it is possible to find such cases—and by that instance they protest that the rest of the plan is to be found guilty. What if this sort of argument be applied to our own form of government, or to that of any other country? We are greatly provoked if (as we have led the way) speakers or writers in Germany allude to our unsuccessful arrangements in India,

in Ireland, in Palestine. The German race is clever in emergency : it can make a paper suit, a Big Bertha, a pocket battleship, an amphitheatre, a motor highway and dozens of other things where most races would not have an idea. But perfection is not vouchsafed to any of the sons of men.

The German people is essentially and traditionally disposed to friendship with the English ; and in this regard a minority retrospect of recent years is unhappy. Aware of a very circumscribed knowledge, I submit a detail or two in support of my claim. The sense of kinship in Germany is so vivid that the ancient relationship we have with their people is not forgotten and is not (even after our tremendous conflict) treated except as a permanent thing. It is valued with deeper emphasis because this kinsman, the Englishman, has " made his way in the world " ; all heats and irritations are subject to that admiration. A veteran whose Shakespearean studies are known through Germany expressed the matter to me thus :

" The pity is that England does not realize what a rich capital she has in the affection of the Germans, not only among the highly educated ; you find the same attitude in the ordinary working people. You have this great advantage, if you will only use it " .

As for the knowledge of English life and character among the Germans, it should not be necessary to speak, but present-day discussions show that it is. It is the fact that the country abounds in men and women who read our newspapers and our literature. I see, in my mind's eye, my friends crossing the café floor to get *The Times* from the usual rack. If the number is confiscated, all England rings with the news ; but the old principle works—that the news does not notice the dog who bites the man, but the man who bites the dog. As I write, I receive a German university periodical, containing an article on English studies, written by one who is supposedly a ferocious Nazi. His article, for German readers, includes not one word on the squabbings of the time but presents the ideals of the lover of our literature, and calls for a profound application to English writings in a style of simple dignity and the long view, which I wish I could hear more often at home. (Almost at the same moment there comes from Munich an anthology of poems by those who fell between 1914 and 1918, of all nationalities. "*Sie alle fielen . . .*" Of such publications no headline speaks).

Still speaking for the minority, I cannot see much prospect of persuading the opposed debaters that Germany is in normal circumstances very much our friend. The counter-argument may run that the German may be so individually, but not his Government. On that point I have made my note. Another subsidiary point may come in : what evidence will the majority consider as relevant or worth meditation ? Many, of course, who have seen Germany for themselves are of their number. But there is a habit of rejecting direct observation and retaining a good thick venerable prejudice. It is not always so venerable. Let anything happen in Europe or beyond, which may be attributed to a dictatorship's wantonness—and instantly the stately or suburban homes of England are loud with the armour-plated assertions of "authorities" on the local circumstances. Bezonia is in the headlines—at once men who must have been passionately interested in the Bezonians since Mr. Gladstone asked, in a moment of scholarship, "Under which king, Bezonian ?", give me the benefit of their life-work. And their name is Legion. To be exact, I am conscious of sharing this ubiquity ; yet it does not help. We have become, as I see it, unprofitably ready to build up strong and threatening opinions on very slender bases of knowledge. Some European questions are really too complex to be set about in this lusty way.

Is this entirely our fault ? Yes. But there is something to be said for us, in passing. We live in a journalistic country. It is posters, posters all the way. As I sit on the bus top I hear kindly Britons reading out aloud the strident inscriptions of the hour : "Nazi Fury" over this, "Hitler Recalls Envoy" over that, "Mussolini's Ban on Euclid", "Heligoland Prepares". Our next encounter may bring on some reference to the state of the world, and then our means of discussion may be sub-conscious. However, I am told that people grow inured to these queer injections of pride and prejudice. The Continent does not, for it does not have them. We are the *corpus vile*. But whose fault is that ?

In September last an especially dangerous international situation was reduced to a shadow, and a prospect of cheerful peace substituted, through the action of four leaders, and probably through that of Mr. Chamberlain most of all. He at

any rate made the surprising first move, and the *Führer* did not (in the English of the placards) "rebuff" him ; M. Daladier and the Duce joined in, and, if it is not inconvenient to recall it, General Göering contributed to the occasion. The outcome was peace, and not a dull kind of stoppage but a point of departure for conference and evolution. Press correspondents quite looked about for nice things to say about their usual foreign ogres. It was reported that out of this occasion even a fresh treatment of the Jewish question might well result. What followed ? I can only give the impression of a single observer, but it will haunt me all my life. An English statesman had exchanged an honourable promise of peace and reasonableness with a foreign leader. We were all apparently overjoyed. Within a few days, our Press loosed a tremendous denunciation of the peace pact, and the foreign leader was abused with the strangest excess. We were assured that it had been a question of bluff, and that our bluff ought to have been better. At such a time, with the fate of millions depending on a word perhaps, our Prime Minister ought to have thought in terms of sharp practice. What an ideal for the English character ! I speak for the minority—I hope I do more.

Since then the course of events has not surprised me. It has been often alleged that Bismarck, by oblique action, secured the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Some future historian might find a parallel—but, let us trust, not all the way—in the sequel to Munich. Herr Hitler's latest speech has given the hint that the democracies might pay more attention to their Press ; and, but for that hint, I should occupy space here on the point. It has seemed to me that our published references to foreign affairs and statesmen were lacking in some respect—in our traditional sense of humour, maybe ? In our national *sang froid* ? In our bearing as the greatest empire in the world ? True, we have been confronted with actions which, in isolation, have struck us with astonishment and (seen so) assumed forms of violent injustice ; but their complete history requires our patient consideration. Our opinions are officially free ; but our judgment has been shaped for us more than a little, and, unless the unexpected happens, the English will go on (all told) under a periodical direction which has been curiously amplified since the

racial discriminations in Germany. It does not seem to me at all unnatural that the German propagandists have taken part in the paper warfare, or that of the wireless waves. They do not, through some odd trait in their disposition, realize that they always begin these exchanges. We are consequently very much hurt when, on our hammering out the word "Aggression", they send over the word 'Encirclement'. But surely this whole department on both sides ought to take a long holiday; and if they are to start again, let them toss up for first innings.

In the *Sunday Times* of November 6th, 1938, Miss Enid Bagnold published an article, in her most brilliant style, and with the most evident passion for truth, on a tour through Germany. She spoke of the marvellous vitality of the people there under their present Government; she depicted the energies in action, not for some ridiculous and desperate scheme of war, but for the improvement of the country itself in spiritual and material resources. What she had felt, as she said—as if impersonally and through a multitude of receptive moments—tallied with my own natural feelings during visits to Germany under Hitler. The prevailing sense I had, and it does not fade, was of a great clearness and freshness of life, a pervading revival of national dignity and personal unselfishness; something like the quality that Wordsworth once knew in France and expresses in a famous passage of "The Prelude". There was, or I believe there was, a nervous strain on certain types of people (I do not refer to those against whom the State was taking drastic action); but the whole effect was similar to what Miss Bagnold described. It is unlikely that the spirit of Germany has changed since November last; and I am sorry that the English public is given so little sense of it, apart from the political topics, of which we are given so much. It is high time that the flourishing ordinary life of Germany, the whole remarkable range of it from the workshop to the opera, should be made once more a part of our news. The monotony of the present disproportional system, suppressing those humanities, is equal to its immorality. We ourselves must be the chief losers by it.

To these observations, which are intended as a contribution not to a frequent arguing match so much as to the fuller examination of the subject of argument, and to the good

relations of England and Germany—utterly necessary to the survival of both, as the great German novelist, Hans Grimm lately reasoned—not much can now be added by me. I have had no occasion to speak of the charges made against the German *régime*, and I should not wish to defend some of its actions; but my purpose was to appeal for a broader view of Germany as it is, and a keener search for what is valid in our general decisions on Germany and other countries not ruled according to our preferences. The chief thing, however, which may emerge from the minority suggestions is the last : we shall be wise, for some time to come, to avoid tabloid philosophy. Neurosis is abroad, and it lives upon catch-phrases. It is so easy to repeat, after Munich, ‘I can’t hold up my head’, and recently, ‘War is inevitable’. It is easy, but wrong. The Ten Commandments suffice as useful bywords. Or, if they have been mislaid in the turmoil of the last year or two, there was a new Commandment—which does not lead to millions of smashed bodies, and shattered lives, and a chaos out of which the few may crawl faintly back towards another jumping-off point for inferno.

LA SITUATION STRATEGIQUE INTERNATIONALE

BY GENERAL J. DUFIEUX

L s'agit d'examiner dans toute leur étendue les conséquences militaires possibles de la politique suivie depuis cinq ans par les Etats totalitaires.

Si l'Italie s'est taillé en Afrique un empire colonial dont les dimensions dépassent de beaucoup celles des territoires qu'elle contrôlait en 1914-1918, l'Allemagne s'est, au contraire, forcément concentrée sur elle-même, puisqu'elle n'a plus aucune colonie. Mais ce défaut de terres lointaines n'a pas diminué son influence dans le monde entier. On sait, en effet, que ses anciennes colonies avaient attiré peu d'Européens et que leur développement était encore très peu avancé lorsque la guerre éclata. En revanche, dans toutes les parties du monde, le nombre des Allemands était considérable. Leur activité économique et culturelle se déployait avec intensité, au grand bénéfice du commerce, de l'influence et du prestige germaniques. Lorsque le canon retentit, les positions ainsi acquises servirent longtemps, particulièrement en Amérique, les intérêts du Reich et facilitèrent singulièrement sa propagande. Les maladresses de certains agents n'y mirent pas obstacle de façon trop gênante jusqu'au moment où des attentats répétés dressèrent aux Etats-Unis l'opinion et les autorités contre des agissements qu'il n'était plus possible de tolérer.

Le manque de colonies actuel ne place pas l'Allemagne, quoi qu'elle en dise, dans une situation sensiblement différente de celle de 1914 au point de vue de son existence générale. Elle a repris, en l'amplifiant par tous les moyens, son action d'influence et de propagande dans tous les pays. Le triomphe du national-socialisme a donné à ces infiltrations germaniques une virulence et un développement extraordinaires.

Comme toute l'activité du III^e Reich, dans tous les domaines, est orientée vers des fins militaires, on peut penser que le même

esprit anime les agissements de ses ressortissants partout où ils s'installent. Et si le gouvernement hitlérien réclame et fait réclamer par sa presse la restitution de ses anciennes colonies, on peut être certain que ce n'est ni pour restaurer son économie branlante sur les bases de l'autarcie, ni pour assurer à sa population surabondante le fameux "espace vital" entré dans sa phraséologie officielle, puisqu'aucune de ces colonies n'a été dans le passé et ne peut être dans le présent terre de peuplement. On sait, au surplus, comment il s'est, depuis mars 1938, donné cet "espace vital" en Europe même. Ce que veut le Reich, c'est la possession de points stratégiques, comme Douala au Cameroun, parce que les progrès des transmissions, ceux de la T.S.F. en particulier, ceux de son aviation et de sa marine de guerre lui permettraient alors de mener la vie dure aux marines marchandes britannique et française et de perpétrer de mauvais coups sur les colonies voisines des deux pays.

Cette considération, qu'aucun sophisme ne peut contredire, dicte sur cette question leur devoir aux puissances occidentales si elles ne veulent pas, en cédant à des revendications obstinées, mettre elles-mêmes dans la main de leurs adversaires éventuels des instruments dangereux pour leur sécurité sur les grandes routes maritimes.

Mais, même si cette faute n'est pas commise, le développement rapide des marines de guerre allemande et italienne donne à l'axe Berlin-Rome des facilités pour gêner le commerce franco-britannique dans les parties délicates des routes maritimes venant de tous les points du monde. Les travaux exécutés en certaines régions de la Méditerranée et de la mer Baltique, les revendications des deux puissances de l'axe, les buts secrets, mais qu'on peut deviner, de leur propagande nous indiquent leurs visées proches et lointaines. Il n'est pas jusqu'aux accords économiques recherchés avec une frénésie tenace par l'Allemagne surtout, qui ne soient symptomatiques, non seulement des besoins de l'axe Berlin-Rome, mais aussi de ses appétits.

Actuellement, les efforts des deux complices semblent porter sur deux régions : d'une part, la Pologne et les Etats Baltes, d'autre part, l'ensemble du bassin méditerranéen, plus particulièrement la partie orientale de ce bassin.

Ce que l'Allemagne convoite, c'est la Roumanie, les bouches du Danube, l'accès à la mer Noire. Lorsque Hitler a lancé Mussolini sur l'Albanie et Corfou, il pensait que l'affaire se liquiderait sans fracas, dans les conditions où lui-même avait réglé le sort de l'Autriche et de la Tchécoslovaquie. Il lui paraissait que son second pourrait, à la faveur de cette conquête rapide, masser dans le pays nouvellement rattaché à la couronne romaine des moyens militaires suffisants pour impressionner la Yougoslavie et la Grèce et les rendre incapables d'opposer la moindre résistance aux volontés de l'axe. Il avait compté sans la maladresse italienne et sans le sursaut immédiat du bloc anglo-français. La réaction britannique, en particulier, fut si forte à propos de Corfou que le gouvernement de Rome n'osa pas faire occuper cette île, et le bénéfice attendu de l'opération ne fut pas aussi complet que l'avait espéré le chef d'orchestre de Berlin.

Le coup d'arrêt marqué par la position très nette qu'ont prise l'Angleterre et la France a donc empêché l'exécution intégrale d'un dessein qui ne visait à rien de moins qu'à obliger la Bulgarie à se déclarer pour l'axe, rendant ainsi la situation politique et militaire de la Roumanie intenable.

Affaire manquée. Mais dans les Etats totalitaires on ne peut rester sur un échec. N'ayant pu atteindre la Roumanie par le Sud, le *Führer* a cherché à y parvenir par le Nord. L'obstacle, de ce côté, c'est la Pologne. La tactique maintenant classique du national-socialisme a été tentée ; campagne de presse, menaces, espoir d'intimidation, offres d'entente moyennant des concessions naturellement unilatérales, mais dont une propagande insidieuse faisait valoir dans le monde entier la modération et le but de pacification. Nous connaissons maintenant ce thème, qui comporte des variations diverses. Mais cette fois le chancelier du Reich s'est heurté à un double obstacle : la résistance inébranlable de la Pologne, l'entrée en ligne de l'Angleterre qui, contrevenant à des traditions diplomatiques constantes, s'est décidée à se porter garante de l'intégrité du territoire polonais, corridor et Dantzig compris. La France n'avait pas besoin de se déclarer ; elle est déjà liée à la Pologne par un traité militaire ancien.

Le *Führer* a compris, il a rentré ses griffes ; mais, pour ne pas perdre la face, il a servi en pâture à son peuple un pacte militaire avec l'Italie, il l'a même annoncé avant qu'il ne fût signé. Mais, comme il lui faut des réalités plus substantielles qu'un triomphe de presse sur une anticipation, il s'est attaqué par sa diplomatie aux Etats baltes ; et, comme la Lithuanie paraît solidement liée à la Pologne, il s'efforce de se donner le concours de la Lettonie et de l'Esthonie.

Ainsi la manœuvre entamée au Sud par l'annexion déguisée de la Slovaquie et qui n'a pu se poursuivre immédiatement en direction de la Roumanie est reprise au Nord ; l'encerclement de la Pologne est cherché de ce côté par les pays Baltes. Mais en même temps un travail d'infiltration et de propagande se poursuit sans arrêt en Yougoslavie, où il faut malheureusement constater qu'il obtient quelques résultats, et en Bulgarie, où l'on fait miroiter aux yeux des patriotes la possibilité d'une reprise de la Dobroudja et d'un accès à la mer Egée à travers le territoire hellénique.

Les considérations qui précèdent semblent beaucoup plus politiques que stratégiques. Il n'en est rien. Lorsqu'il s'agit de l'Allemagne, il ne faut jamais perdre de vue que l'Etat tout entier, dans tous les modes de son activité étroitement dirigée (industries métallurgique et chimique, agriculture, alimentation, laine, drap, cuir, optique, électricité, transports, travaux publics, etc.), est orienté vers, des fins militaires. La même orientation se retrouve dans la politique extérieure et la propagande du Reich. On a pu dire, il y a longtemps, que la Prusse n'était pas un peuple, mais une armée. Combien cette définition s'applique avec plus de force encore à l'Allemagne d'aujourd'hui, où la jeunesse est enrôlée dès l'âge la plus tendre dans des formations de tournure militaire et où, depuis janvier dernier, tout Allemand est soldat sans interruption de 17 à 45 ans—puisque, avant et après son service militaire, il est intégré dans le parti nazi et doit être exercé chaque semaine ! Il faut donc bien voir que toutes les revendications, toutes les manœuvres allemandes ont un but stratégique à double fin : un résultat atteint peut servir, soit à détendre le ressort moral du pays visé et à obtenir ainsi, sans coup férir, le maximum de succès, comme on l'a vu pour l'Autriche et la Tchécoslovaquie, soit à se donner

un élément de force supplémentaire pour le cas où la guerre devrait éclater.

En un temps où la force militaire d'une nation ne consiste plus, comme autrefois, en une armée limitée à quelques dizaines ou à quelques centaines de mille hommes, mais est faite de toutes les activités spirituelles et matérielles du pays, poussées au maximum de rendement, il faut comprendre que l'œuvre de la stratégie commence dès le temps de paix, qu'elle est étroitement liée à la politique extérieure, qui la conditionne et peut donc la servir largement ou lui être nuisible. C'est pourquoi les hommes d'Etat ne sauraient aujourd'hui, sans faillir à leur mission, se désintéresser des grands problèmes militaires.

Leurs décisions dans le domaine politique ont, en effet, très souvent des conséquences plus ou moins favorables à la conduite d'une guerre éventuelle ou, plus simplement, à la valeur d'un potentiel militaire de la nation qui lui permet d'obtenir de nouveaux avantages sans déclencher un conflit—ou bien l'oblige à céder sous la pression adverse, parce que ses dirigeants lui ont enlevé les moyens de résister avec chances de succès. Les exemples de ce que nous disons ici sont assez récents et convaincants pour que nous n'insistions pas davantage sur ce sujet. Mais il nous a paru nécessaire d'exposer ces considérations liminaires, avant d'entrer dans le vif du sujet.

Pour étudier la situation stratégique internationale, telle qu'elle se présenterait dans le cas d'un conflit général, il faut d'abord voir quels pourraient être les théâtres d'opérations, leurs caractéristiques, les forces qu'y pourraient déployer les armées en présence, les résultats qui y seraient cherchés. Par "armées" nous entendons, non seulement les forces terrestres, mais aussi—cela va de soi—les forces aériennes et navales. On ne peut plus, aujourd'hui, les séparer les unes des autres. Il faut même bien voir que le nouvel élément de puissance introduit dans les conflits humains par l'emploi de l'aéronautique n'a pas encore fourni toute la valeur de son intervention et qu'il est appelé sans doute à un développement plus rapide et plus important que les autres forces nationales, en raison des progrès remarquables du moteur dans ces dernières années. Le grand ennemi de l'aviation, les conditions atmosphériques, n'est pas encore vaincu, mais il recule sérieusement ; la télégraphie sans fil permet de rassembler

très rapidement les données météorologiques et d'en faire une synthèse valable sans perte de temps, la pratique du vol sans visibilité arrive à vaincre les dangers du brouillard et des nuages et même à s'en faire des auxiliaires pour tromper l'ennemi, enfin la vitesse accrue des appareils les garantit contre la surprise de changements atmosphériques qui pouvaient toujours survenir lorsque les expéditions aériennes étaient lentes, donc forcément de longue durée. Aujourd'hui elles seront foudroyantes pour les petites distances, très rapides pour les moyennes et les grandes.

Les théâtres d'opérations doivent être envisagés par rapport à l'axe Berlin-Rome.

A L'Ouest, sur terre, c'est toute la frontière française depuis la Méditerranée jusqu'à la mer du Nord, avec une interruption le long du Jura, si les puissances de l'axe respectent la neutralité de la Suisse, et une autre au Nord-Ouest de la Moselle si elles renoncent à violer les territoires de la Hollande, de la Belgique et du Luxembourg. Cette dernière hypothèse est bien invraisemblable dans le cas où elles se décideraient à une action contre la France et l'Angleterre : contre la première, elles seront amenées à tourner les solides fortifications qui s'étendent jusque-là, contre la seconde elles voudront se donner les bases aéro-navales de la mer du Nord.

A l'Ouest encore, c'est le théâtre d'opérations navales constitué par la mer du Nord, la Manche et l'Océan Atlantique ; partie capitale de l'échiquier stratégique, puisque c'est dans ces mers que baignent les Iles Britanniques, et la plus grande partie des côtes françaises—puisque tout le ravitaillement de l'Angleterre en dépend, ainsi que celui de la France pour une bonne partie. On sait le mal qu'ont fait aux deux pays les quelques sous-marins lancés par l'Allemagne sur les grandes voies maritimes de l'Europe vers les deux Amériques. On ne peut douter du rôle que seront appelés à jouer dans les mêmes parages les " cuirassés de poche " et les grands sous-marins que le Reich commence à construire.

Au Nord, la mer Baltique ne semble pas appelée à jouer un rôle considérable dans l'ensemble d'un conflit mondial. Facilement fermée aux détroits danois, garantie contre tout développement de la lutte sur une vaste étendue de ses côtes par la neutralité certaine de la Suède et de la Finlande, elle verra

sans doute bloqué, dès le début, le débouché maritime de la Pologne par la flotte allemande. Il ne semble pas, jusqu'à plus ample informé, que la flotte russe basée à Cronstadt soit en état de disputer au Reich la maîtrise de cette mer. La possession et l'organisation du port de Memel donne un atout de plus aux Allemands depuis quelques semaines.

A l'Est, l'Allemagne aura une grosse partie à jouer pour venir à bout de la Pologne. La Prusse Orientale au Nord lui donnait déjà un moyen de tourner les défenses de la Vistule. Les positions stratégiques nouvelles que l'occupation de toute la Tchécoslovaquie lui a assurées depuis mars dernier lui permettent de les déborder par le Sud, à la condition que la Hongrie soit neutre ou, mieux encore, consente à se laisser occuper par des troupes allemandes dont la présence aux portes de la Transylvanie serait de nature à immobiliser la Roumanie. Ce sont bien des facilités pour une agression de grand style contre la Pologne.

Sans doute, dans l'état actuel des choses, une pareille décision entraînerait automatiquement l'entrée en ligne de l'Angleterre et de la France. Mais il n'y a qu'à regarder une carte de l'Europe pour se rendre compte des difficultés qu'éprouveraient les deux puissances occidentales à faire sentir leur action d'une façon utile à la Pologne, autrement qu'en attaquant directement l'Allemagne sur sa frontière Ouest. Grave décision, qui donnerait à ces deux puissances figure d'agresseurs, car le Reich n'attaquera certainement pas de ce côté, s'il décide de porter son effort principal sur la Vistule. Dès lors, aux termes de son pacte, l'Italie entrerait en lice à son tour, et la guerre s'allumerait dans le bassin de la Méditerranée, avec toutes les conséquences que comporte une telle extension du conflit. Du coup la plus grande partie de l'Europe serait en feu. C'est dire quelle importance capitale présente pour l'avenir du monde la résistance de la Pologne à la volonté d'hégémonie allemande.

Au Sud, la géographie et les situations acquises ont compliqué le problème. Et là il ne peut être traité sans faire intervenir dans son examen les pays de l'Afrique du Nord, depuis le détroit de Gibraltar jusqu'au canal de Suez, c'est à dire le Maroc, l'Algérie, la Tunisie, la Libye, l'Egypte, et ceux du Levant et de l'Asie Mineure : Palestine, Syrie, Turquie. On voit par là quelle est l'importance de ce théâtre d'opérations, dont les côtes

opposées sont si peu éloignées qu'il est impossible de séparer l'étude des opérations maritimes de celle des opérations terrestres. Les unes et les autres se pénètrent. Quant aux opérations aériennes, elles coiffent les autres avec une remarquable facilité dans ce domaine tellement restreint pour les possibilités actuelles de l'aviation que l'on trouve partout des bases pour les avions et des plans d'eau abrités pour les hydravions, leur assurant toutes commodités pour agir dans toute l'étendue de la Méditerranée.

En raison de l'importance que de ce fait acquerrait ce théâtre d'opérations, par où passent, pour l'Angleterre et la France, les routes les plus courtes pour gagner l'Empire des Indes et les richesses de l'Extrême-Orient et des Indes Néerlandaises, les voies les plus faciles aussi pour drainer les pétroles de ces régions fortunées, nous nous arrêterons quelque peu sur la situation présente des puissances dans ces parages.

Les points vitaux sont : le détroit de Gibraltar, le canal de Sicile, le canal de Suez, la région de Salonique, le canal d'Otrante.

Le détroit de Gibraltar est vital pour l'Angleterre, si elle veut avoir accès à la Méditerranée. Il est étroit (15 kilomètres de largeur seulement) : il n'est donc pas besoin de canons à longue portée pour y rendre le passage difficile, soit de la côte espagnole, soit du Maroc qui, là, est espagnol aussi. Nous envisageons un peu plus loin le rôle éventuel de l'Espagne dans un conflit général. Cette faible largeur du détroit facilite aussi l'action des sous-marins, des vedettes lance-torpilles, et des barrages de mines. En contre-partie, elle facilite aussi la surveillance du passage, et l'Angleterre, solidement installée sur le rocher de Gibraltar, est bien placée pour l'exercer avec fruit. Pour la France, le détroit ne présente pas un intérêt aussi grand puisqu'elle a un accès direct à la Méditerranée par ses côtes méridionales ; mais la fermeture de ce passage empêcherait tout trafic entre ses ports du Midi et ceux du Maroc, ainsi qu'entre ces derniers et les ports d'Algérie, et de Tunisie. Et cela peut, au point de vue militaire, avoir de sérieux inconvénients.

Le canal de Sicile, entre cette île et la Tunisie, était gardé, jusqu'à ces dernières années, à l'entrée Ouest par le grand port

militaire français de Bizerte, à la sortie Est par l'île britannique de Malte. Mussolini a jugé que le point d'appui de Trapani, à la pointe Ouest de la Sicile, ne suffisait pas à faire pièce à Bizerte. Il a décidé, voici deux ans, de faire de l'îlot rocheux de Pantellaria, placé au milieu même du canal, une base offensive d'hydravions, de sous-marins, en même temps qu'un observatoire qui, par temps clair, voit les côtes de Tunisie. Les abris creusés dans le roc et les excellents emplacements de batteries que recèle cet îlot font de son possesseur le véritable portier du canal de Sicile.

La région de Salonique, avec son port, donne à celui qui la détient des possibilités d'action, suivant les besoins, vers les Dardanelles, vers Smyrne, vers la Yougoslavie et la Bulgarie méridionales. La récente main-mise de l'Italie sur l'Albanie peut préparer une poussée, aussi bien sur cette région que directement sur la Yougoslavie ou sur la Grèce de Janina.

Le canal de Suez est la grande artère par où passe tout le commerce de tous les riverains de la Méditerranée, de l'Angleterre et du reste de l'Europe, ainsi que de l'Amérique orientale avec les Indes et l'Extrême-Orient. L'activité du trafic y est considérable en temps de paix. En temps de guerre, le passage y est théoriquement libre pour tous ; mais rien n'est plus facile que de l'interrompre, et l'aviation aurait beau jeu pour y couler des navires qui finiraient par obstruer complètement le canal et arrêter la navigation. Le bloc anglo-français contrôle les pays qui bordent le canal : Palestine au Nord, Egypte au Sud et à l'Ouest. Indépendamment d'autres raisons, on perçoit facilement pourquoi il serait gâvé que ce contrôle passât à l'axe sur l'un des côtés seulement.

Le canal d'Otrante est tenu par l'Italie sur les deux rives depuis l'annexion de l'Albanie. Mussolini la contrôlerait mieux encore s'il possédait Corfou, qui est une île grecque. Mais on sait que l'Angleterre a fait un *casus belli* de l'occupation éventuelle de Corfou par les Italiens. Quoi qu'il en soit l'Italie est bien placée maintenant pour permettre ou interdire l'entrée de l'Adriatique.

Elle est également en bonne posture pour surveiller les routes de la Méditerranée, aussi bien dans le sens Ouest-Est que dans le sens Nord-Sud ; les dernières, en Méditerranée

occidentale, intéressent surtout la France et son empire africain, appelé à jouer un rôle considérable en cas de conflit dans cette région, les premières, indispensables à l'Angleterre pour ses relations avec les Indes et l'Extrême-Orient, nécessaires aussi à la France pour ses communications avec la Syrie, l'Indo-Chine, Madagascar. Les deux puissances occidentales pourraient assurément, pour une grande partie de leurs besoins, se servir de la route du Cap, mais elle est plus longue et, pour le pétrole, plus précieux que jamais en temps de guerre, la liberté de la Méditerranée importe au plus haut point.

Mais si l'Italie, par ses bases aéro-navales de Sardaigne et de Sicile, est en mesure de gêner sérieusement le trafic anglo-français en Méditerranée, si, du fait de l'aviation, Bizerte et Malte ont perdu de leur valeur, la France et l'Angleterre peuvent replier leurs bases au-delà des possibilités normales du bombardement aérien adverse. L'Italie, enfermée dans la Méditerranée, ne jouit pas du même avantage. Ses ports, dont les plans d'eau sont en général peu étendus, sont tous dans le rayon d'action de l'aviation de bombardement anglo-française. Leur vulnérabilité s'ajouterait à l'asphyxie des importations si nécessaires à la vie de la péninsule ; viandes et graisses, textiles, houille, pétrole, caoutchouc, fer, cuivre, étain, 70% de ses importations lui viennent par Suez et par Gibraltar. Que deviendra-t-elle lorsque ces voies lui seront fermées ? La liberté des communications maritimes est pour ses populations un besoin vital. Or, dans la zone méditerranéenne, cette liberté est à la merci des escadres franco-anglaises qui peuvent fermer les issues et arrêter tout le trafic à destination de l'Italie.

Si la France et l'Angleterre peuvent, pour une partie de leur trafic, se servir des routes de l'Atlantique, il ne faut pas se dissimuler que ce trajet majore du double la longueur du parcours, donc le temps employé à l'accomplir, et qu'il augmente singulièrement l'importance du tonnage nécessaire par rapport à celui qui sert sur les courts itinéraires de la Méditerranée. Les flottes marchandes française et même britannique sont-elles en mesure de faire face à une pareille surcharge ? Avec les pertes inévitables que leur feront subir les sous-marins, on peut en douter.

Il faudra donc débiter par une action de force, avec de gros

moyens, pour balayer la Méditerranée et en rendre l'usage impossible au bloc anglais-français ; œuvre nécessaire et qui demandera du temps, même avec une supériorité matérielle indéniable. Ce résultat obtenu, toutes les craintes qu'on peut avoir pour la Tunisie ou l'Egypte disparaissent, car la Libye, base nécessaire d'une entreprise offensive de ce genre, et qui devrait tout tirer de l'Italie, même l'eau pour la consommation des troupes, verrait ses ravitaillements et évacuations exposés aux coups des maîtres de la mer. Elle ne tiendrait pas longtemps.

Dans ces considérations sur les théâtres d'opérations possibles, nous n'avons parlé ni de l'U.R.S.S. ni de l'Espagne. Ces deux pays pourraient jouer, dans un conflit général, un rôle considérable ; l'U.R.S.S. en fournissant des matières premières et certains armements, avions et chars par exemple, à l'un des partis en présence, l'Espagne en observant une rigoureuse neutralité ou, au contraire, en ouvrant ses ports et ses terrains d'aviation à l'un ou à l'autre des belligérants. Nous croyons que, dans l'état où l'a jetée la guerre civile, l'Espagne a tout avantage à rester neutre. Mais si certaines satisfactions raisonnables ne lui étaient pas accordées, elle pourrait se tourner du côté de l'axe Berlin-Rome, d'où sont venus déjà de précieux secours à son gouvernement actuel, et donner bien des ennuis graves au bloc anglo-français. Ce bastion jeté à l'extrémité Sud-Ouest de l'Europe, ouvre, en effet, sur deux mers, la Méditerranée et l'Océan Atlantique. Ses côtes peuvent jouer un rôle important en cas de conflit généralisé. Il ne faut pas oublier non plus qu'il y a un Maroc espagnol, dont la neutralité assure aux Anglo-Français la tranquillité dans la partie Ouest de l'Afrique du Nord et la maîtrise incontestée du détroit de Gibraltar. Mais si l'Espagne adhérerait à l'axe Rome-Berlin, comme elle en est sollicitée, la liberté du détroit serait bien compromise et la France se verrait obligée de prendre des précautions particulières et très importantes pour la sécurité du Maroc dont elle a le protectorat.

A l'autre extrémité de l'Europe est le colosse russe, dont l'attitude pose un grand point d'interrogation. On ne sait ce que peut valoir son armée, après les coupes sombres qu'a faites Staline dans son commandement à tous les degrés de la hiérarchie. L'U.R.S.S. dispose néanmoins d'une aviation considérable, dont

certaines appareils sont excellents, et de chars, qui en Espagne se sont montrés supérieurs aux chars italiens et allemands envoyés à Franco. Ces moyens lui permettraient d'agir efficacement dès le début d'un conflit général.

C'est là que le problème polonais se présente avec toute sa gravité. L'U.R.S.S. est en mesure, soit de prendre à revers les forces polonaises engagées dans la lutte avec les armées allemandes, soit d'aider ces mêmes forces par l'appoint immédiat de son aviation et de ses unités mécaniques. La décision prise aura donc une valeur capitale pour la tournure de la guerre.

Or la question européenne se pose ainsi. Les deux partenaires de l'axe Berlin-Rome ont misé sur le développement frénétique de leur armement. Ce développement a des limites posées par la pénurie de certaines matières premières, et par les besoins de main d'œuvre. Déjà le Reich manque de main d'œuvre pour certaines fabrications et, si l'autarcie rend la question financière presque secondaire pour lui, comme pour l'Italie, il n'en faut pas moins à ces deux Etats disposer d'un stock d'or ou de devises suffisant pour des achats indispensables à l'étranger. Si les dictateurs veulent éviter la faillite ou une révolution intérieure, il leur faut, dans un délai relativement bref, justifier leurs armements par de nouvelles conquêtes.

Le bloc anglo-français devra alors, sous peine d'une déchéance le conduisant inévitablement à l'acceptation de l'hégémonie de l'axe, qui sera avant tout une hégémonie allemande, réagir avec promptitude. La raison lui commandera de mettre d'abord l'Italie hors de cause par une forte action maritime et aérienne qui rendra la vie rapidement impossible à ce pays, dès lors privé de tout ravitaillement.

La partie Sud de l'axe ainsi réglée, les Anglo-Français devront alors reporter toutes leurs forces sur l'Allemagne. Mais il faut que, pendant l'action en Méditerranée, la Pologne tienne en échec l'offensive allemande. Elle le pourra dans de bonnes conditions, si elle reçoit à temps le secours de l'aviation et des unités mécaniques russes.

On le voit : Russie et Espagne sont les deux questions posées à la diplomatie et à la stratégie anglo-françaises. Il faut que ces questions soient résolues sans tarder. Il y va de l'avenir de la civilisation occidentale.

THE DEFENCES OF THE DUTCH

BY LILO LINKE

I WAS staying in a small hotel at the Dutch seaside when the hotel-keeper's wife came running to tell me that war had broken out—the news had just come through on the wireless. Her husband followed out of breath to say that the war was still far away, between Italy and Abyssinia (the name Albania was still too new to him to be remembered). The incident is significant. Few Dutchmen are any longer ready to get up and say that a war in which Holland would be involved is out of the question.

For a long time—too long a time, some might think—Holland felt safe behind her wall of neutrality. But Munich and Prague both left their mark, though neither as deep as that caused by the Easter Crisis. In those days, rumours persisted that on April 11th the Germans were ready to invade the country and were only scared off at the last moment by Holland's wakefulness.

Once again, as in September last, the Government called up the frontier defence battalions. Everywhere in the streets, especially in front of the newspaper offices, people were crowding together to read and discuss the latest reports. Gloom descended, though the tulips were ready to blossom. The Prime Minister, M. Colijn, thought it wise to give an explanation on the radio: the Netherlands were not apprehending any hostile action from any side, merely wanting to demonstrate that they were determined to maintain with every means at their disposal their well-proven policy of independence and neutrality. At the same time he hinted at further measures destined to increase the efficiency of the frontier defences. For days soldiers moved eastwards to the Dutch-German frontier, or took up their positions along the coast. But, though the guns there pointed across the Channel, they were certainly not directed against Great Britain. For argument's sake people told me that they would fight against the British, should they

be the first to violate Dutch neutrality. But at heart they all knew from which side they were threatened.

There is no need here to discuss in too much detail the various steps taken in the interest of Dutch rearmament. Like other countries, the Dutch had cut down military expenditure to what appears now a dangerous extent. Gradually the policy was reversed. In February, 1938, the annual contingent of conscripts was raised from 19,500 to 32,000 men, the training period prolonged from 5½ to 11 months; more arms were commissioned in Holland and abroad.

In a speech in the First Chamber in February last, van Dijk, the Minister of Defence, welcomed the suggestion that general conscription with a two-year training period should be introduced, but declared that, unfortunately, the financial position of the country ruled out any such measure, at least for the time being. There is a wide scope yet for raising the annual quota further, merely by applying somewhat less stringent conditions of physical fitness.

As far as possible, air force, army, and navy are being strengthened. Special attention is given to the fleet—after all, Holland is still the third largest colonial Power. Yet nobody, either inside or outside the Netherlands, can believe that, however much money were spent, Holland would ever be in a position to defend herself single-handed against a major power. The Dutch are convinced that any attack either against the motherland or the Indies, would call the British to their side. In February last, during the debate on the defence budget, Mr. de Savornim Lohman—leader of the Christian Historical Union, one of the three government parties—took the British-Dutch identity of interests for granted when he declared :

“The Berlin-Rome-Tokio axis means danger to our colonies. Japan may, in the Far East, choose a moment when the British fleet is occupied near Europe so that for the moment it could not come to the assistance of the Netherlands, even in case of a direct attack on India. That creates a completely new situation. The time is not far back when our only care was for the maintenance of our neutrality. To-day we have to admit that we may have to face the possibility of a direct attack on Java, an attack which in the beginning—in the long run I believe we shall get assistance—we shall have to meet by our own strength”.

But neither Holland's own armaments nor the extent of

outside assistance will finally decide her chance of resistance against possible attack. Her vital and absolutely decisive weapon is the water.

"Tell me", I said to a high Government official, "is this talk of flooding the country more than mere romancing"?

"It's the centre piece of our defence programme", he said quietly. "Here, have a look". He spread out a map and pointed at the southern provinces where Maas, Waal, and Lower Rhine creep like three blue snakes from the east towards the sea. Quickly he drew a finger through the centre, down from Utrecht, across the part of the country where the network of the rivers is most densely spread.

"This is the region where the dykes will be cut", he said, leaving the exact place vague. "All this part is below sea-level. The water will spread eastward, till it reaches the foot of the hills, east of Utrecht, further south at Nijmegen, and parallel with the frontier".

"And what happens to the big towns in the west, with their two million people"?

"You mean Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague? They'll lie behind the dykes, in safety". And then he added: "Safe from the water, I mean".

"And the inhabitants of the flooded zone?"

"Everything is planned for their safety", he said evasively.

"Has the problem been discussed in public? Has anything been printed about it?"

"Not more than I've just told you".

It was obvious that that was as far as he was willing to go. I was treading on delicate ground. The flooding of the country, though foremost in everybody's mind, is rarely referred to in public discussions. Its military effectiveness is never doubted. As a proof, the Dutch recall the flooding of the Yser valley in Belgium in October, 1914—the Germans never got across. No means of surmounting this obstacle have since been invented by the attacker. The foreign layman is apt to overlook the fact that the flooded territory is covered by an irregular network of rivers and canals varying in depth and width, which will disappear under the even surface of the water, forming inescapable traps. Maybe there is no need for further artifices.

One day I sat talking to a friend at Utrecht.

"There won't be a stone of this house left on top of the other—the town is part of the area that will be flooded", he said casually. The human mind seems ready to accept anything as natural if it is only given time to get used to it. It was I who shuddered, not he.

If the water has been allotted the most important task, it may be assumed that the soldiers are chiefly relied upon to put a brake on the enemy's advance, long enough to give the water a chance of rising to a sufficient height. Of course, the Northern provinces of Groningen, Drente, *etc.*, and the important centre of the mining-industry in the south-eastern province of Limburg, which hangs like a drop on the body of the country, have also to be defended; but there seems little hope that this can be successfully done by Holland alone against a determined onslaught by vastly superior forces.

As for an air-attack on the densely populated towns in the western zone, no really effective defence could be devised. Evacuation is out of the question. Where should the people go? Also, as the Minister of Defence pointed out, it is necessary that work should be carried on as far as possible, especially since the responsibility for the rest of the country will fall on these towns. No, people there will just have to stick it, that is all.

That, in turn, depends on the general morale of the country. Already there is no lack of indications that the old fighting-spirit of the Dutch is re-awakening. The Social-Democratic Workers Party (S.D.A.P.), for instance, which for years stood in the forefront of those advocating disarmament, has abandoned its pacifist attitude; but gradually, of course, as far as the majority of the politicians are concerned—who here as elsewhere seem to dread most the accusation of inconsistency. In February 1938, the majority of S.D.A.P. members voted for the increase in the number of men, though they still opposed the longer term of service. But a year later, in February last, the new defence budget got as good as all of the Socialist votes.

This changed attitude of the Party has induced the Government to repeal the order that members of the S.D.A.P. were, like Nazis and Communists, forbidden to join the armed forces as professional or reserve officers, or to serve in the

Ministry of Defence. To any outside observer the general suspicious attitude against the S.D.A.P. must always have appeared somewhat surprising. There was little in the Party programme that could really frighten the most conservative Dutchman, and even less did the behaviour of the Party's adherents suggest that they were anything but painstakingly respectable citizens. But then, in this as in many other respects life in Holland still has a definitely pre-war flavour, however up-to-date it may be on the technical and engineering side.

Too many people have gained the impression that the Dutch are, spiritually, on the decline; that they are smugly satisfied with their life in this best of all worlds; that they believe too exclusively in hard cash as the foundation of existence. Perhaps one of the effects of the Nazis battering against the door of European civilization will be a re-awakening in the hearts of the Dutch of that grim fighting spirit that made respectable burghers strong enough to resist the ruthless Spanish army. It would be a good thing.

There is a changed mood. Hatred of the Germans is growing all over the country. And, since the German Nazis are still like far-away pigeons on the roof, the antagonism finds a ready object in the sparrow that the Dutch hold in their hands—the refugees. They are accused of misbehaving in many ways. It may be true in a very few cases, but on the whole the German refugees behave as well or as badly as everybody else. No, the chief reason held against them is one that nobody will admit—they are disliked because they are Germans. The man in the street is not subtle enough to distinguish between Nazi and refugee. His primitive instincts are aroused, and any reason will do as justification.

The elections for the Provincial States at the end of April provided an excellent means of taking the political temperature of the country. The public interest, however, was so predominantly taken up by international affairs that it is doubtful whether a large percentage of the 4 million electorate would have gone to the poll—if voting in Holland were not compulsory for all men and women above the age of 25.

As usual, the result of the elections chiefly went to prove how firmly entrenched the old-established parties are. The main explanation is provided by the close link that exists between

the political and the religious life of the country, or, in the case of the Social Democratic Workers' Party, between politics and *Weltanschauung*. Thus a double pull is exerted.

So conservative is Dutch political life that even the Communists maintained their negligible number of seats. After all, Communism has existed long enough to make a safe number of converts. That is more than the Nazis can say for themselves. They bore all the odium of upstarts and were once again, and this time apparently finally, defeated, thus bringing to an end the five-year career of Holland's pocket-dictator, ex-engineer Antoon Adriaan Mussert, at the early age of 45.

When for the first time he competed in the elections for the Provincial States in 1935, he stunned the whole of the country by obtaining about 8% of the total votes. In 1937, in the elections for the Second Chamber, everybody was surprised to see them reduced to a mere 4%. By April, 1939, he was already so obviously on the decline that a further loss was taken for granted. Of his 44 seats he could only hold 21—compared to the 186 of the Roman Catholics, and the 124 of the Social Democrats.

The reason for his defeat is not that he missed his chance, but rather that he never had one. His movement is, in composition, tactics, *etc.*, closely akin to that of Mosley over here; he made the same sort of blunders; and just as the English, so the Dutch would not stand for it. Nobody ever assumed that the 40,000 members he boasted of at one time were able to finance out of their own pockets the extensive propaganda carried on with the help of a large daily newspaper, a good many weekly magazines, countless pamphlets, posters, and meetings. But the banking code forbade a closer examination of his funds.

As the Nazi menace from without increased, the N.S.B. were driven to declare that they, too, believed in Dutch independence and would prefer the worst government at the Hague to the best in Berlin. But Colijn's Government saw no reason to abandon the policy of excluding Nazis from all positions under the Crown. Only in March the burgomaster of a small frontier town was dismissed by the Queen for declaring that he would fight alongside the Germans.

Less easy to understand than the political defeat of the N.S.B. is the fact that the Nazis could draw no support from the ranks of the unemployed. For years now Holland has had an average number of about 360,000 men out of work. Their situation seems as hopeless as that of Great Britain's miners. But, though the N.S.B. kept pointing out that under Fascist rule abroad work had been found for everyone, the argument made as good as no impression on the Dutch working class.

If Herr Hitler left Holland untouched, Germany would once again possess a lung to breathe with. If he invaded the country, he would be faced with the most obstinate resistance which even he in the long run would find insurmountable. To defend themselves, the Dutch will dare the utmost and are therefore not to be trifled with. "Colijn", so declared the leader of the Social Democrats last Easter to the thunderous applause of the Party Congress, "will never go to Berlin". Neither is Queen Wilhelmina the sort of person likely to lose heart at threats.

But, should a war between the major Powers break out, Holland might all the same be drawn in. The Germans may attempt by force to get control not only of Holland as a military base, but of Dutch food and Dutch trade. Dutch-German trade-relations, it must be remembered, are at present not what they ought to be. Of Holland's total imports in 1938, only 21.3% came from Germany, compared to 30.6% in 1929. And that whilst during the same period imports from Great Britain have shrunk to a much lesser extent from 9.4 to 8.1%. In regard to Holland's export, the picture is even less favourable: Great Britain is by far the better customer—20.5% in 1929, 22.5% in 1938. The Germans who in 1929 bought more than the British—22.9%—now can only afford about a third less.

Much depends on the historic aim which Hitler has set himself. Does he feel sent by Providence to resurrect the Holy Roman Empire of the later Middle Ages, of which for 800 years Holland formed part? An unofficial Nazi spokesman, Professor E. Banse, wrote in 1934:

"The maternal soil of our people in all its extent from the Cape Gris Nez to the Memel, from the Königsau in Sleswig-Holstein to the Salurner Klause in Southern Tyrol, shall it not at last form one united country, the real Germany?"

THE PROGRESS OF TELEVISION

BY EDWARD LIVEING

THE B.B.C.'s London Television Service, opened at Alexandra Palace in November, 1936, remained up to the end of 1938 the only service providing regular programmes for televising in the home

Other countries are now coming into the field. Germany has started a regular service with sound and vision programmes between 7 and 9 p.m. and with three hours of test programmes in the day-time. In the United States a public television service was inaugurated on the occasion of the opening at the end of April of the World's Fair in New York. The transmissions average about two hours a week, but preparations are being made for a large extension of activity, not only in time-duration, but also in the establishment of transmitters to cover many areas besides New York. France also has made progress recently with her system. Parisian viewers have the advantage of receiving their transmissions from an aerial on the top of the Eiffel Tower. The service has been brought up to date, and some of the camera equipment is similar to that in use at Alexandra Palace. The French Government aims at a long-term plan of development, with stations at Lyons and Lille representing the first stage in the establishment of a nation-wide network. As to other countries, Italy and Japan are planning to start regular programmes by the end of this year, and Finland hopes to have a service available in time for televising the Olympic Games in 1940. There are no other countries "in the field", and even in those where television has been inaugurated, the transmission of programmes is limited to receivers in and around the capital cities. This is not in the least surprising if we take into account the technical, artistic and financial problems involved in the development of this medium.

The programmes offered to British viewers, in a weekly

schedule of about eighteen hours, fall into several categories which can be listed generally as outside broadcasts, studio-produced items, and reproduction of films. Of these the most sensational in terms of "news" value, and the most controversial in regard to relationships with other interests, have been the outside broadcasts. From the moment that the Coronation Day figured in the television service, the remarkable power of this new medium for keeping people, in the quiet of their own homes, in touch with contemporary events was vividly demonstrated. Mobile television had become an accomplished fact. Despite bad weather the whole of the procession was televised from Apsley Gate, Hyde Park Corner, and it was estimated that more than 10,000 people witnessed the scene on television screens. Since that date viewers have had the opportunity of seeing a wide array of events in public, social and sporting life—the Wimbledon Tennis Tournaments, the Lord Mayor's Show, the Cenotaph Ceremony on Armistice Day, the Prime Minister alighting from his plane at Heston after his visits to Berchtesgaden and Munich, the Derby, the University Boat Race, the Cup Final, Trooping the Colour, the Test Matches from Lord's and the Oval, boxing-fights such as those between Ford and Phillips, McAvoy and Harvey, and Boon and Danahar. More recent still in memory have been the scenes of departure of the King and Queen for their tour of Canada and the United States. Plays, revues and musical comedies have been televised from the stage, and the camera and microphone have been used to take the viewer into familiar haunts, such as the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere.

Methods and apparatus used for these outside broadcasts are extremely ingenious and interesting. In the central London area the mobile units can be linked by a special television cable, installed by the Post Office, with Alexandra Palace. Outside this area the units employ their own transmitters, and their signals are picked up at the station and re-broadcast. The latest type of unit consists of three vehicles, the most important of which is the scanning van. It is in this van, which houses the control room equipment, that the producer co-ordinates the activities of the microphone and camera operators. He uses two receiver screens, one showing the picture which is being

transmitted to the television station for radiation, the other a 'pre-view' from one of the other cameras in circuit. When he is satisfied with the 'pre-view' picture, he tells the vision mixer to go ahead with 'fading-in' the new and 'fading-out' the old picture. In a complicated outside broadcast, including a considerable number of points from which shots of scenes are being made, the skill and ingenuity of a producer are taxed to the utmost. The camera operators may be scattered over a wide area; each of them wears headphones, and the producer, talking almost continuously into his microphone, can thus keep in touch with all of them, advising adjustments of focussing and other details. The second van is used for outside broadcasts beyond the central London area, and contains an ultra-short-wave transmitter; while the third van houses a petrol generator, for providing the transmitter and the scanning van with the necessary power. A valuable addition to these mobile units has been a 'fire-escape' aerial which can be projected to a height exceeding 100 feet in a few minutes.

In the London service, the production of plays, cabaret shows, ballet performances, and so forth, in the studio has attained a style and method peculiar to television. Televiewers watching the unrolling of a play in their homes can have little idea of the extremely complicated process of its manufacture. They see the actors in their settings, but are entirely unaware of the intricate lighting arrangements, the camera operators working on their trucks, which can be moved to and fro to take medium-shots or close-ups, the microphone-boom operated inconspicuously by the microphone men, the marshalling activities of the studio manager, and last, but by no means least, the producer himself in the control-room co-ordinating the work of all concerned.

The whole process is more complicated than the shooting of a cinema-film, and, moreover, once the rehearsals are over, and the show is 'on the air', there can be no turning back, no re-shooting of scenes—a fact which imposes a strain on producer, caste, studio-manager, camera and microphone men, heavier than anything experienced in film production. Nearly all the producers in the London Television Service have had previous experience in production for the stage or the cinema—some for

both, though theatrical experience preponderates. In fact, previous experience of visual production has been an almost essential requisite at a stage when long periods of training are not practicable. The problem, however, of drafting in to the television sphere of the B.B.C. those producers, whose talents as masters of radio play and feature productions in sound broadcasting it would be a mistake to lose, is now being faced, and arrangements are being made for training them in this new technique.

Films still continue to be used in British television. They help to provide the "news" element, and both the British Movietone News and the Gaumont British News are reproduced. Other film material appearing in the programmes includes old Walt Disney cartoons, occasional "shorts", and, from time to time, foreign feature or documentary films. But it is unlikely that viewers can expect any considerable increase in the number of films shown on their screens. The fact of the matter is that producers and exhibitors are not prepared to sell the rights of films for fear of "box-office" losses. This applies not only to the televising of films before their appearance on the cinema screen, but also to subsequent televising. There have been a few exceptions, including British comedy films such as Jack Hulbert in 'Jack Ahoy' and Cicely Courtneidge in 'Aunt Sally', and certain foreign films such as 'The Student of Prague', 'La Kermesse Heroique', and 'So Ended a Great Love'. But on the whole the film industry is, and not without reason, unprepared to co-operate whole-heartedly with television in present circumstances. Nor are those immediately responsible for the television service in this country inclined to regard films as ideal material artistically for their programmes. In fact their view is that what is prepared intrinsically for showing in public is not altogether suitable for consumption by the fireside.

So much for actual programme activity. Now let us consider the broader issues confronting television in its relationship with the "outer world". There is the great technical problem of extending the service throughout the country; there is the question of relationships with kindred arts and enterprise—the stage, the cinema, sporting interests and so forth. And neither

of these subjects can fall into perspective without regard being paid to the inevitable matter of finance. Last, and by no means least important are the present and future reactions of the public itself, for most of whom broadcasting is by now a familiar institution, but television less so.

The question of relationships between television authorities and other interests is certain to engage increasing attention as television gets more fully into its stride. The extent and forms of co-operation will almost certainly vary in accordance with the widely differing circumstances and outlook existing in various countries. In the United States, for instance, where broadcasting is competitive and financed by advertising, where, moreover, broadcasting does not rely financially on license revenue, and where circumstances and material outlook are more conducive to a link-up between certain artistic and industrial interests, it is more likely that there will be a greater tie-up between the resources of Hollywood, cinema exhibitors, entertainment agencies, and the broadcasting companies. Such co-operation might result in a frequent incorporation of televised events and entertainment of all kinds in cinemas, and *vice versa*, the use of a considerable amount of film material in the programmes provided for the televiewer.

British broadcasting, on the other hand, throughout its career has always inclined more to the development of high artistic standards, and standards which conform intrinsically to the radio medium, than to sensationalism, "stunts", or box-office methods. Not only has the B.B.C. been able to pursue this policy by virtue of its monopoly, but, moreover, its policy, on the whole, has been consistently backed by its listeners. And the reason for this is that our style of broadcasting has aptly mirrored the national sense of tradition in this respect—a tradition very dissimilar from the more exciting tempo and the easier-going culture of the New World. Indeed, the policy pursued in sound broadcasting seems likely to be carried forward into the Television Service of this country. Those responsible for the Television Service have found that, on the whole, film material is not altogether suitable to the new medium, and it is obviously the intention to build up distinctive art-forms arising quintessentially from television rather than to

attempt to assimilate too much material not specifically designed for it. Again, as already noted, the interests of cinema producers have to be taken into account in any estimate of this question.

The position in regard to what television can give the cinema in this country is, however, rather different from that of the potential contribution of the cinema to television. (This matter came to a head last February following the public reproduction of the B.B.C. transmission of the Boon-Danahar boxing fight). In particular, the interest of cinema exhibitors has been aroused. Sir Harry Greer was their spokesman in his recent speech as Chairman at the ordinary General Meeting of Baird Television Ltd. He referred to the vast strides that had been made in the manufacture of cinema sets, and to the Boon-Danahar fight as "a historical landmark". He mentioned that the Company had under negotiation a contract for the manufacture and installation of cinema equipment in a large number of cinemas, and he also said that "every cinema would in self-protection instal television, not only in competition with each other, but in self-protection against the attraction of the home set".

The point of view of the B.B.C. was put by Sir Stephen Tallents in a speech to the Radio Manufacturers' Association last March. He said :

"A great variety of legitimate interests are involved—the manufacturers of television equipment for places of public entertainment, the promoters of outstanding events, the film producers and distributors, the owners of cinemas, the artists and authors and performers among them. Some of these interests have hastened to express their hopes and views. Others, and those not the least important, are still silent. Not all the views, which have been publicly expressed are in harmony ; and, partly for that reason, not all the hopes which took the air so gaily in the first flush of the Boon-Danahar fight success seem likely to land again safely. The B.B.C. believes that it is taking the wise and public-spirited course in concentrating on the development of that now certain success—home television—and at the same time co-operating, as real and promising opportunities occur, in experiments which may shed light on what is bound for some time yet to be a complex problem."

Indeed, the present attitude of the B.B.C. is that large screen production of television programmes is still regarded as experimental, and that permission to use its transmissions in this way will be subject to certain necessary restrictions. The

B.B.C.'s present policy is not to oppose experiments in large scale re-diffusion before paying audiences, when the programmes concerned are of really national importance and interest, independent of commercial promotion; or again when the subject is a sports event, the rights in which are held by a promoter. This latter category could easily have presented many complications. The B.B.C.'s policy here is to raise no objection to re-diffusion if agreement on terms is reached between the re-diffuser and the promoter, subject only to certain conditions. These conditions must include the undertaking that no exclusive rights shall be given to any one group or system, and that all applications shall be granted rights on equal terms, based approximately on the relative seating capacity of the theatres concerned. Should the promoter object, the B.B.C. acts accordingly and withholds permission to reproduce.

There is one other factor which comes into the situation, namely, that many important events take place at times exceedingly inconvenient to cinemas with their scheduled programmes. It is unlikely that any cinemas will drastically alter such schedules except in the case of events of very outstanding interest or importance. On the whole, therefore, we can assume that frequent reproduction of television is not likely to become a large-scale movement in places of entertainment in this country. There is, of course, the possibility that the many interests involved may attempt to secure new legislation affecting the monopoly of the B.B.C. in regard to the televising of events. But it is doubtful if, even as things are at present, the British Parliament would sanction something that might severely damage the development of a valuable national service; and less likely still in the future, when facilities for televiewing will have been considerably extended.

On this question of extending the service beyond the London area, Mr. Ogilvie, the Director General of the B.B.C., said recently :

“ We have now come to a critical landmark in television work. We have developed the resources, not merely with a view to the benefit of a thirty or forty miles radius around London, but as the nucleus of a national system. The speed at which we can go forward depends on two things. Firstly, the result of technical experience as to the means of transmission, and secondly, the question of finance ”.

Both the financial and technical aspects are closely related. Moreover, the whole situation is complicated by issues not readily apparent to the public. In the first place, it has to be remembered that hitherto it has not been found possible to extend the effective radius of a television station to more than about forty miles. It is true that reports on reception of Alexandra Palace have come in from much further afield than this radius, and even from so far afield as Holland. But most of these are what could only be explained as "freak" reception. It may be, however, that in course of time further experimentation will lead the way to longer distance results.

There is, therefore, the difficult problem of the location and number of stations to cover the country. If, for instance, the television facilities were to be extended through the country comprehensively and in the very near future, they could not be established on the lines of the present B.B.C.'s regional scheme adopted for broadcasting. An infinitely greater number of stations would be needed, and their siting would involve a wide variety of considerations. Again, there is the question of whether to use a cable system installed by the Post Office, the cost of installation of which is extremely high, or to employ wireless link, which might be less costly, but possibly less technically satisfactory.

It will not in any event be practicable to offer the provinces, through the Television Service, the same amount of local expression as has been afforded them through the medium of sound broadcasting—for the simple reason that expenditure on a visible and audible medium must be vastly higher than that on an audible medium only. Whatever is done, it can be taken for granted that, for a long period to come, there will have to be centralization of studio production at Alexandra Palace. Outside broadcasts, however, would no doubt gradually come to be taken from places all over the country; events, no matter where they were held, and so long as they were of universal interest, would be secured for the televiewer by the despatch of mobile units. But it is not likely that local stations would have the opportunity of mirroring for the benefit of local televiewers many events of purely regional significance.

One thing is certain; the B.B.C., the Post Office and the

wireless industry, as represented by the Radio Manufacturers' Association, are all extremely anxious to proceed as quickly as possible with the extension of the present Television Service to the provinces. It is likely that the next station to be established will be one at Birmingham which would serve a potential audience of three to four million people.

Some idea of the cost of a Service extended to the whole country may be gained from the fact that the capital expenditure on the London Service up to September 30, 1938, less depreciation written off, was approximately £126,000, and the revenue expenditure up to that date, including depreciation and programme, engineering and staff costs, was approximately £660,000. To meet the rapidly growing costs the Civil Estimates for the last financial year ending March 31, 1939, provided an extra grant of 15% of the net listeners' licence receipts, additional to the normal 75% handed over by the Treasury, to be earmarked specifically for television and foreign language broadcasts. This was estimated to produce £610,000, of which approximately two-thirds, or £406,000 would be required for television.

It may well be asked from what quarter the capital outlay for extending the television service, let alone the maintenance of running costs, will be forthcoming. This is indeed a serious question. At present viewers pay no additional licence fee on television sets, and it is doubtful if any Government will raise the cost of licence, especially as the Service becomes more easily available throughout the country and this form of home entertainment gains in popularity. But the money will have to come from some quarter or another, and the present writer would hazard the guess that if, eventually, the public was faced with the alternative of an increase in their wireless licence or the introduction of sponsored programmes, they would choose the first. There must, however, be a long interim period before a general service can materialize, and it is precisely during that period that the B.B.C. is faced with the enormous outlay of maintaining and developing side by side two separate types of broadcasting.

It can be definitely stated that television is now growing enormously in popularity. No official figures are

available as to the number of television sets at present in use, and, although the radio trade is able to keep check of sales, these figures are not made public. But there is no doubt that, even before the Radio Exhibition at Olympia last August, there had been a gradually increasing momentum in sales of sets, and that as a result of the Exhibition many manufacturing firms received orders that would keep them busy for several months. The television correspondent of *The Observer* stated in the issue of September 4th last year, that "10,000 new television sets will be installed in homes before Christmas if the confident expectations of those responsible for the wonderful show at Olympia are realized". In the issue of the *Sunday Times* of February 26th, a correspondent estimated that the sale of sets was proceeding at the rate of five hundred a week. From investigations which the present writer has himself made in various parts of the Home Counties in recent months, it is obvious to him that there has been a quite remarkable acceleration of interest and purchases.

There is still a good deal of misunderstanding as to the cost of televiewing apparatus. To-day there are something like fifty to sixty different models, produced by some twenty manufacturers and available to the public at prices ranging upwards from £22 for an add-on vision unit to a mains-operated Sound Receiver. This gives a picture of 5 x 4 ins. Prices for one-piece sets, offering pictures of $7\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 ins., are about £30. Sets offering 10 x 8 ins. pictures cost about £40, while a 22 x 18 ins. screen for public use costs between £120 and £200.

Symptomatic of increasing interest is that over four thousand viewers sent in completed forms to a recent television questionnaire organized by the B.B.C. It was found that 91% of these forms had come in from those who owned television sets for entertainment only, and not for business. The first report issued by the B.B.C. after an analysis of a sample of 1,200 of the replies has already shown remarkable enthusiasm on the part of viewers coupled with keen sympathy regarding production problems. Plays and variety programmes direct from the theatres, news reels, "Picture Page", the weekly topical magazine, and light entertainment generally appear to be the most popular programmes. Outside broadcasts of sporting and other events

come next, followed by full-length plays, cartoon films, demonstrations and talks. The popularity of studio drama was a remarkable feature of the response to the questionnaire, and the preference was for full-length rather than short plays. Another interesting sidelight on viewers' preferences was that, whereas 44% expressed a neutral opinion about men or women announcers, the remainder showed an overwhelming preference for women. It would seem, therefore, that, whereas women announcers in this country have never attained any popularity with listeners, they have come into their own with televiewers.

Just as television is producing a revolutionary effect in production methods, so, too, the present listener to sound broadcasting must be ready to alter his habits if he wishes to make the best use of his new instrument as a televiewer. Many people have become accustomed as listeners to regarding broadcasting, and especially the music programmes, as a kind of pleasant background to their domestic life. It is quite impossible to treat television in this way, for the simple reason that it requires visual as well as auditory concentration. In any event, to obtain the most satisfactory results from one's set it is best to watch television in a dark room—though pictures are now so bright that they can be viewed comfortably enough in subdued light. We have become so used to one remarkable invention following another in this twentieth century that our appreciation of any innovation is dimmer than it used to be. But television remains a constant source of wonder and pleasure, even to the experienced televiewer. There is every reason for British pride in the pioneer work that has been achieved in introducing it to this country, and every hope that the lead taken by the B.B.C. will be maintained in the future.

ALAS ! MOTHER HUBBARD—*A Story*

BY GEORGE WODEN

Stanby's uncle told us this story at the Old Boys' dinner.

I HAVE never had much time for art, though I'm fond of pictures, and I was pretty good with a pencil when I was at school. From what I see nowadays the youngsters get a far better chance than we did. Our drawing lessons were a joke when they were not a bore. Only one kid in our form ever took them seriously, and he was a freak.

Hubbard his name was, and we called him Mother Hubbard, because he wore his yellow hair long and he was a timid girlish creature. We held him down one day and cut his hair for him. Oh, what a sight! We tried to chum up to him afterwards, we were so sorry for the poor devil, but in the end I think we detested him because his ragged head became a sort of public disgrace : he wouldn't have his hair cut ; he said he was waiting for it to grow. The Head called him into his room one day, and the next day Mother Hubbard's hair was trimmed. But he let it grow longer than ever.

Yellow hair and blue eyes didn't make a beauty of him. A nose too small and a mouth too big spoiled his face, and his long lanky body was mere skin and bone. I don't think he had enough to eat. His people were very poor. His father, I believe, had been a gentleman, and there was a faded sort of refinement in the youngster which kept us from being too brutal to him. At times, when he drew a caricature of one of the masters, he was almost popular. But he was never one of us. I don't think he wanted to be.

He was a shocking scholar. That didn't lower him in our eyes : we despised the swots. His drawing—well, that was useless ; none of us took it seriously, and the fear of ridicule kept him silent. I don't know why his parents kept him so long at school : he was doing no good. When at last he left he just

faded away—out of sight out of mind. He had not even carved his initials on a desk.

His mother died ; she had been ill some time ; and not long afterwards his father married again. Mother Hubbard told me all this one night when I happened to meet him in the High Street. He would have passed me without recognition, but he looked so wretched I couldn't help myself : I stopped him, and took him into the George. I was going to offer him a drink, but I gave him a square meal as well. Naturally the food and the drink went to his head a bit, and he grew confidential. I was embarrassed, but there was no escape. His father had married a virago : the old fellow couldn't call his soul his own. The lad hated his stepmother, and she hated him. He was out of work again, couldn't keep a job, and he was going to run away from home as soon as he could gather enough money. If he couldn't get the money he would go without.

I confess I jibbed at that. I was suspicious, and then I was ashamed of myself because I felt forced to offer to lend him money, and he wouldn't hear of it.

" No, no ! " he said. " I'm an artist, not a beggar. Just look at these," he said, " and you'll understand ".

He opened a portfolio he had with him, and explained : this was some of the stuff he was doing at an evening class in the School of Art ; and he was doing a lot more at home.

The moment he opened that portifolio he became a new man, and I caught some of his enthusiasm. I was more than astonished : the stuff was marvellous. In those days, you know, Beardsley was all the rage, and a new standard in style and decoration was rousing quite ordinary folk to talk art. This was the real thing. No doubt about it.

" Dammit ", I said, " you ought not to be here, wasting your time and talent. You ought to be in London. You would make a fortune ".

" I'm going ", he said. " I'll make it ".

He was excited, his hand trembled, but he was quite serious ; and I was as sure of his success as he was : he had only to show his portfolio to the right people in London, and the trick was done. We were only youngsters, you know, and we had had a drink or two.

We parted in high spirits. "Good luck, old man. Don't forget me grubbing away here".

"I'll never forget", he said.

You know what youngsters are.

I went along to the Art School one day out of curiosity. I knew a girl there, and she assured me that Mother Hubbard had talent. She showed me one of his pictures, a still life, bottles and things, and honestly I was impressed, so much so in fact that I went round to see him. I remember that visit. I saw his stepmother, and this is the answer I got from her: "Him? Gone!" And there was I standing with the door banged in my face.

I didn't see him again for years.

Our firm had some trouble over a block of property, and I was sent out one day to see the place. At the end there was a small public house, "The Rose and Crown". The sign was down, and a man was repainting it in the yard. His back was towards me when I saw him, and he moved to look at his work. That loose-limbed movement stirred my memory, and I went forward. Sure enough, he was Mother Hubbard, much older, unnaturally aged, but I was so surprised, and pleased to see him again, I didn't first notice the ghastly change in the man; for he was a man now, with a sort of elderly reserve that embarrassed me. I saw that he didn't really want to speak to me: the poor fellow was humiliated. In fact for what seemed a long time we just stood and stared at each other.

"Bad luck?" I said.

"Looks like it".

Indeed it did. The poor chap was nearly in rags, a long lean scarecrow. I was so distressed that I turned away to the inn sign and went into raptures, real raptures.

"You like it?" he said.

"Wonderful!" I said. It was an exaggeration. Nevertheless, the thing was good, vivid and lively, startling in those days.

He jerked his thumb towards the pub door. "The boss doesn't like it".

"What?" I said. "I'll soon tell him".

I walked straight into the pub, found the landlord, and talked him into enthusiasm. Then I stood drinks.

I intended to go back the next day, but I couldn't, and when

at last I did Mother Hubbard had disappeared. I tried to trace him, but I was very busy and soon abandoned the search.

The following Christmas I was at the fancy dress ball at the School of Art, and I found him sitting in a corner sketching. This is what had happened.

He ran away from home to seek his fortune with one pound eighteen and six and a portfolio of drawings. The summer was past, and if he didn't go soon he would not be able to sleep out of doors to save money. That was his first blunder. He ought to have gone by train to London. While he was saving money he was losing time, and he had not the stamina for sleeping rough. When he got as far as Luton his clothes were drying on him after heavy rain, and he was all of a shiver. He couldn't sleep out of doors again: he was ill, in a strange place, and growing frightened. He had a cheap meal in a cookshop, and wandered out, hoping to find a lodging house. The poor devil was shy: he hadn't the pluck to stop people and ask; but he was growing desperate, and at last he asked a lamplighter, who gave him some more or less complicated directions which, of course, he forgot. However, he managed to find lodgings, in a mean street, and the next day he was in a raging fever, delirious.

When he recovered enough to go out of the—workhouse infirmary, I think it was—he hadn't a penny. In fact, he hadn't even a hope left. What? Go on to London? Or go home? Poor fellow, he didn't know what to do. He stood in the street, and wept. And then he wandered about.

The shops were shut, the street deserted. Nobody saw him. While he stood there, helpless, a girl came rushing out from an entry beside a tiny public house, and only by grabbing at each other did they manage to keep from falling.

"My father!" she said. "My father!"

He followed her through the entry, and indoors, and she pointed down the cellar steps which led off a passage to the back premises. Down they went; she had left a candle burning; and there was her father lying in a heap at the bottom. She had thought he was dead, but now he was recovering consciousness, and the job was to haul him upstairs. He was a big shapeless man. Oh, they had an awful time with him, for she was only a little thing, and Mother Hubbard had not much

strength even when he was well.

The girl ran for a doctor, and Mother Hubbard waited with her father. Then, of course, in the evening—it was a Sunday—the pub had to be opened, so Mother Hubbard stayed on and served in the bar till closing time. When they shut the place he begged the girl to let him sleep on the floor, anywhere. He showed her his drawings, told his dreams, and naturally they comforted each other in their trouble. Next morning he was up early, opened the pub, and worked as he had never worked before. In the evening he drew caricatures of the customers, and by Saturday night he had nearly doubled the takings.

You can guess : he married the girl.

Unfortunately he was an artist. He couldn't settle in contentment to that drab monotonous life. The pair of them had mistaken sympathy for love, and they lacked the power to adjust themselves to reality. He had always been a dreamer : and so he sought refuge in his dreams. Trade suffered, of course. His father-in-law lost patience with him. They quarrelled. Maybe he would have run away, but fate took a hand again : the old man died suddenly, he was a heavy drinker, and the brewery company, who owned the house, put in a new manager. So Mother Hubbard came home, bringing his wife and two babies, and worked at anything he could get.

He was still only a youngster, though old in experience, a quiet simple soul. I was sorry for him even while he compelled my admiration. Either he had tremendous courage or he was a maniac, a man of one idea. He was working for some Jews who employed men to go from house to house persuading people to have photographs enlarged, and then persuading them to have the enlargements turned into oil paintings. Mother Hubbard was doing the painting for them, at seven and six a portrait. I don't know what the customers paid—guineas, I suppose, in instalments. This work, mind you, was done at night. All through the day Mother Hubbard was studying at the School of Art. "I'm lucky when I get five hours' sleep", he said. Poor soul, he looked bad. "Oh, but I'll be all right", he said. "By-and-by I'll be able to get a job teaching art, and then I'll have leisure to paint". And he chuckled pathetically, "I can paint, you know".

Oh, he had faith in himself.

I was so impressed that when I wished him luck I said, "Don't forget me when you're famous". Honestly, at that time I thought he would be. Soon afterwards I met one of the life men at the School of Art, and he told me, "We've got a wonderful student, a freak with talent, genius perhaps". Naturally I guessed, Mother Hubbard; and I was quite proud when I said, "Oh yes, I know him well".

He finished brilliantly at the School of Art—and in due course became a teacher, though not in our town. I forget where he went. I saw him only once, when he was back for his father's funeral. There was a great change in the man: he had filled out, and he looked almost prosperous. Then for years I lost trace of him.

It would be—what?—ten years later when I saw him again. His hair was thin, going grey already, and his face had a haggard, worn expression which made him look years older than he was. He was back again working for the portrait enlargement people, and I saw—he didn't need to tell me—that he had lost his soul. He told me the whole story: how he had lost his job as a teacher, couldn't work to order, couldn't bully the kids who tormented him, couldn't respect stupid authority and—dammit, if he hadn't made me laugh, I should have wept.

"I hated every minute of it", he said, "hated it, hated it". And then he told me how his wife had run away with some rascal, and come back at the end of three months. "I forgave her", he said, "The children needed her". I was astounded, angry, in fact, at his quiet resignation. And then he made me laugh telling me how he had decorated his house and sat in a bucket of whitewash. "Sometimes", he said, "I worry, and it turns my bowels to water, and I rail against fate, and against people, myself included. But it only makes me ill, and I struggle to be calm. Some day", he said, "when the children are grown up, maybe I'll have time to paint again—I'll never have money. But if only I can buy paint, just a few materials, and I have time, I'll be happy". He sighed. "It's many years to wait, and maybe I shan't live to see it, but I hope, and there's comfort in hoping".

I felt so sorry for him I—oh, I couldn't speak. At last I—

felt I must help him ; but he wouldn't listen to my offers.

" I don't want charity ", he said. " I want time, to paint, and peace of mind ".

Poor Mother Hubbard.

I went away to London. Occasionally I returned on visits to my parents, and after they were gone I came once a year to see my brother. I never saw or heard anything of Mother Hubbard. Of course, I was not likely to come into contact with him. When I came back two years ago and took over my brother's business I remember wondering one day what had happened to the poor fellow, and then I must have forgotten him until three months ago. I happened to be passing the Art Galleries, and I noticed that they had a special show on. I strolled in, and I met an old friend who told me he had just got a picture by an artist named Hubbard. That stirred my memory. " Mother Hubbard ? " I said. Then I had to explain, and—oh—blowed if I could think of his Christian name.

My friend insisted on taking me along to his place to see the picture, and at the first glance I recognized it : a beauty—a nude—girl sponging herself in a bathtub. Painted more than thirty years ago, but as fresh, and lively, and—oh, delightful.

My friend explained. " My old uncle bought it, years ago ", he said. " I don't know what he paid. He knew I admired it so he left it to me ".

My curiosity was roused. There are not so many art dealers in our town that you can miss any. I soon found one who knew Hubbard, and he chuckled at my enthusiasm. " Years gone by, perhaps ", he said, " the man may have had a touch of talent. I've seen so many promising young fellows ", he said. " I wouldn't exactly say genius, not to-day, anyway. I'll show you what I buy from him ". He took me away into the back premises where the framers were working, and showed me a lot of paintings on cardboard, box lids and things, the same picture over and over again, a country cottage, and a pair of lovers in the lane—sentimental tosh for working class parlours—dreadful.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

" My God! " I said. " My God! " I was horrified.

The dealer grinned. " Not exactly genius, eh ? "

I was so flabbergasted, worried about it, I arranged to go

back when Mother Hubbard brought in the next lot of daubs commissioned. The dealer said, "Now don't worry about him. His two sons are doing pretty well, and one daughter is married to a decent fellow, in quite a respectable position. And, as you see, the old man's pottering away, making a living".

"But I tell you", I said, "I swear he had real talent, genius".

The man smiled: he couldn't swallow that. I think he pitied my ignorance.

And so I met Mother Hubbard again, a poor old creature; yet he had a contentment—I can't call it gaiety—which he had never had when he was young.

He was delighted to see me, and I took him out for a drink. He had lost his awkwardness, all that self-conscious timidity which had made him so queer and so difficult to approach in the old days. He told me quite frankly, and he has told me since: "My curse was my talent", he said. "I sacrificed everything to it, and it was a Moloch, insatiable. Now I'm free. I can't paint, and I know it".

"But you could paint", I said. I was angry with him.

Dammit, he laughed.

"Alas, Mother Hubbard!" he said. "It's true: I could paint. And some day I was going to show the world. But, my boy", he said, "the world doesn't particularly want to be shown; it's indifferent. And I don't mind confessing to you", he said, "when I went to the cupboard—you know the old rhyme—the poor dog got none—when I realized that my talent was gone I wept, I wept like a child. It was weeks, months, before I realized that I was free at last. Thank God! Mark my words", he said: "art is a curse to a poor man: it makes him too lonely, enslaves him; the ecstasy and the sacrifice are more than he can bear; and he can't enjoy what he can afford. That's the God's truth", he said. "I ought to know".

I see him occasionally, and we enjoy a drink and a chat. His cheerfulness doesn't seem to be a pose: he really is cheerful, resigned. But when we have parted I can't help thinking of the old days. And sometimes when I'm calling on this friend of mine, and I look at that picture, I feel angry at fate, and sad too. He ought to have been a great man. Alas, Mother Hubbard!

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE NEW SPAIN

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

WHAT are to be the relations between General Franco and the Western Powers? Here is a factor of vital importance in the whole strategic tension of Europe which has now to be worked out not only by the diplomatists whose special business it is; but also in relation to the public opinion in which they have to do their work. Franco's case must now be carefully considered even by those who had no original sympathy with it.

If the hurtling weight of a martial and puissant Spain were thrown with that of the Central Powers against France and England, it might turn the scale. It might tempt those hungry Powers to engage against their wealthy neighbours and redress what they assert to be their wrongs. What then is the relation of Spain to the rival groups? Spain and Franco are now one. For all political purposes the Left in Spain has ceased to exist. If it wished to express itself, it would be silenced by a ruthless censorship; and its survivors there are few and divided.

Franco is bound to the Central Powers by gratitude and honour, because they, either with a Machivellian foresight of his victory, or in their suspicions of the Russian help given to the other side, supported him in his extremity, not much with men, but to a crushing extent with aeroplanes and artillery. He believes in their corporative philosophy; he repudiates parliamentary government and the theories of democracy. Since educated Spaniards can understand Italian, they can read Italian newspapers, periodicals and books: and in addition to all this the Minister of Propaganda, Franco's brother-in-law, Señor Serrano Suñer, has given through the newspapers—in the short summary of reliable news that they contain—an inclination to favour the Central Powers, to despise the democracies, and to cultivate the affinities of his Phalange with National Socialism.

So much for one side of the picture. The other side is less known ; but it too weighs. Franco could not have won the war without petrol : that petrol came from America on a credit given by Standard Oil. He was also dependent on the £20,000,000 which in the years of war, as the Board of Trade returns show, he obtained from Great Britain for the balance of trade in his favour. Thirdly, he has envisaged a monarchy in regard to which England has great influence. Fourthly, his country is war-weary and exhausted, he is hard put to it to feed his starving areas. His transport both on the road and railway is on the verge of breakdown. He has no means to buy supplies of raw materials to start his industries. He still needs petrol. He still needs his surplus of trade with England : for England alone takes his marmalade, his sherry, his tomatoes to the value of millions of pounds. But all these considerations are subsidiary to one point : Franco has an immense coast line—and practically no navy. His coast line comprises hundreds of miles in the Mediterranean ; an important distance in the Atlantic between Gibraltar and Portugal ; another great stretch from the northern frontier of Portugal to the Pyrenees. He cannot entrust the defence of those ports to either the German or the Italian navies against the French and British navies. He would therefore be virtually powerless against the Western Powers and could not engage them in war—unless he were mad. But all we know of Franco shows him to have been a man of exceptionally balanced judgment, a man of deliberation, a man who measures his ends by his means. The idea of him engaging against Britain therefore is unthinkable and absurd.

But there is one possibility to mention. Suppose Germany or Italy sent 500 aeroplanes to one of his bases. He must either as a neutral intern them or he would be taking sides. If he were to take the side of Italy in a desperate struggle with the Western Powers, he would bring the weight of Britain and France against him. He would therefore be obliged to assert his neutrality at any cost.

But are his people friendly ? The Spaniard certainly feels a grudge against England for non-intervention, and for what, rightly or wrongly, he believes to have been the attitude of her newspapers. Spaniards are now again more suspicious because

of the conversations with the Russians, whom they hold to be principally responsible for their woes. Nor have they forgotten how much international intervention came through France, supported sometimes by French weapons and munitions. On the other hand, France is their nearest neighbour, and French trade is also a necessity.

The position then taken by Spain with regard to the rival European groups becomes this. War is unthinkable. The trade which is necessary is driving her towards France and England; and, though gratitude, honour and ideals incline her towards the Central Powers as governments, that does not mean she entertains feelings of revenge or hatred for the people of France or England. On the contrary, she is well aware that in both she had many partisans, and distinguished supporters.

This question of the attitude of Spain towards the Western Powers involves of course not only Great Britain but France. France will be assessed by what she does. A remarkable article in the *Domingo of San Sebastian*, April 23rd, 1937, in insisting that Spain's only wish for the future is peace, pays a warm tribute to Marshal Pétain as "the soul of honour". He had tried to persuade his Government to complete the arrangements which it made through M. Bérard after the fall of Barcelona. The Spanish Government demanded the return of those properties to which either they as a Government, or their people as individuals, had a rightful claim, and, besides this, a treatment of the refugees to which they would agree: Franco's agents were to be free to make propaganda in the refugee camp, and all who accepted it to be at once sent to Irun.

Those, of course, were not the majority. There were a certain number of republicans and democrats who honestly hated the affinities of Franco's *régime* with fascism. But these were not numerous among the refugees. More numerous were the anarchists, the communists, and the vaguer but hardly less enthusiastic individual idealists who, even if their convictions were less positive than negative, held their political faith with all the uncompromising fervour and obstinacy which marked on the other side the heroes of the Alcázar. Among the 3,000,000 of Catalonians there were at least 350,000 who, rather than come to terms, fled in torturing confusion till they reached the French

frontier. There, had they not been allowed to cross, they might well have turned to bay, which would have meant on either side a hideous slaughter. They were saved from that by the French letting down the chains, and letting the hungry hordes stream in : there were, it is estimated, 225,000 soldiers, and 150,000 civilians. Of these civilians 68,000 were sufficiently young to be called children, some were quite old men. Of the soldiers some 75,000 availed themselves of Franco's terms and returned to Spain through Irun. What of the other 300,000, half civilians, half soldiers? For the number of civilian refugees was about seven per cent. of the population of Barcelona—and of these nearly half were children.

Communists and anarchists unite to cultivate idealisms very different from those of Spanish Catholicism and the Spanish Army. They have learnt their philosophy from the farthest Left, from the propagandists of Russia, whether Lenin or Bakunin, and they maintain it with the flamboyant stubbornness so marked in the Spaniard's temperament. This is not less true of the recalcitrant girls than of the refugee soldiers : the countries they approve are two—Mexico and Russia. Many of them believe that they can last out for a world war and that they will get it back on Franco yet.

It is no use pretending that these people are welcome guests in France. At first they were welcomed by the Left, though naturally execrated from the Right. But in a short time they made themselves extremely unpopular among whatever people they came. They demanded to be treated as heroes of revolution ; their bearing was militant and uncompromising ; their appearance handsome but dirty ; their habits rough. And the French felt them to be ungrateful. The police who guarded them, the nurses and doctors who tended their sick found it a very unpleasant experience, because the French are used to order, and these people were unmanageable.

Their story is little known in England. But it reflects great credit on the French authorities. At a moment when their Government had the soundest reasons for coming to terms with Franco, and for not welcoming any embarrassment, the French suddenly accepted and attempted to provide for these hordes of wretched, difficult, and in some cases delinquent people. The

suffering of course was extreme for the sick ; and even when shelters were found for them, they were apt to be turned out by their robuster comrades. As for the women and children, they were sent off by trainloads to any town, even hundreds of miles away, where a garage or shed, with straw for beds, could be found to accommodate them, and there they were fed with food equal to, or often better than, that given to the French conscript.

So now for two months the problem has remained. It has been costing France more than three million francs a day, which is at the rate of £6,000,000 a year. England is prepared to contribute ; and the Red Cross has come generously forward, asking for money or clothes from any who will give, and all should give. But the problem remains. Mexico will take a small quota, America will take 350, England reserves individual judgment, Russia refuses absolutely. And so do Germany, Italy and Belgium. France continues to shoulder an unsavoury burden—unsavoury in a literal sense, for these people do not give forth the odours of health and cleanliness.

Nor is this the end of the problem. A number approximately equal is no doubt facing Franco in the zone that he has now captured. They are the radical elements who supported Negrín against Miaja : there will be some of them in every centre.

Franco has his remedy : it is the labour gang. He employs them on reconstruction. If there is mutiny, he will no doubt court-martial them. But he does not regard the problem as insoluble : and they enter into his scheme of work for all. It may be that France will have to ask him to deal also with the refugees there. Two months have passed, and no other alternative has been suggested. The problem therefore remains : it is one which cannot be burked in the tense, anxious days in which we live, when every nation has to be prepared for a supreme effort. Meanwhile, Franco proclaims that he is prepared to maintain outside his country the intellectuals he is unwilling to receive.

But the starving millions in what Franco, not unjustly, calls the liberated zones demand our sympathy. Our Government has already sent 50 lorries containing 500 tons of food, and more

are needed. None, as we have seen, need fear that our efforts will lead to strengthening a potential enemy. All that is required is that we should recognize the needs of a starving people, who are not yet able to live a normal life, and for whom we can provide of our abundance. For there is a surplus of wheat production in the world. Where could it be better employed than in feeding the Spanish people? A practical gesture of that kind would not only do direct good; but it would also mean more than any ideological propaganda. Our Government showed great foresight in sending lorries to convey their provisions. For since Franco's means of transport are worn out, he has been practically dependent on Italian lorries to feed the recently conquered areas. It has been suggested that our great motor manufacturing firms should complete the Government action with gifts of any lorries they have to spare, were they even not the latest models. Again the gesture would do direct good; but it would also build up a reputation for the generous firms.

During the war, Franco encouraged visits to certain areas where battles had been fought. He had abundance of food, and, until last October, of petrol also; every visitor brought him foreign currency, and could bear witness to the normal and unrestrained life the territories were leading. (It is true that this effect was partly neutralized by delays at the frontier, and the taking of finger-prints, and sometimes of rigorous searching). After the fall of Madrid, however, and even after that of Barcelona, Franco felt a great strain in providing enough food for the new areas, transport was still more constricted, and visitors were not encouraged, whether journalists, tourists, or even business men. That restriction will last until the summer provides fruit, harvest, and more vegetables. But, as soon as the time has come, the old tourist attraction of Spain will return with the added zest which recent events, and the familiarity of Spanish names have given to the masses of newspaper-readers. Visitors to Spain will find less destruction and less change than they expect.

On crossing the frontier, fussiness, disorder and individualism, and waste of time are a first introduction to the traditional contrasts of Spain; the contrast between heroism and laziness, between piety and selfishness, between endurance and gluttony,

between courtesy and surliness, between bonhomie and pride, between self-sacrifice and utter thoughtlessness. The Spanish character is very little changed, and that is what makes Franco's feat so extraordinary. The Spaniard has remained an individualist in spite of being the plaything of rival totalitarianisms. And on both sides there has been a remarkable seesaw between incredulity, or acquiescence, on the one side, and on the other, fierce conviction. As time has gone on, both sides tired of the war, and felt a desire to return from effort to normal life.

The religious need was one craving of the Spanish heart, amusement was another but the most pressing was simply food. The question of Franco's relation to the Spanish people is his capacity to provide for their essential needs. The reason the Republic failed was because it starved them. But the secret of the war has been the triumph of Franco's organization. Beginning with nothing but some 25,000 Moors in Africa, he created and equipped an army of 700,000 men. In an age when war is a question hardly more of attack than of transport and munitions, he amply provided this huge army with both. Some of his material, including, as we saw, the great part of his artillery and aeroplanes, came from abroad. For all these importations he paid in kind when he bought them. He organized his supplies so that all the inhabitants of his territories were sufficiently provided for themselves, had a surplus to feed his armies, and furthermore could provide immediately and amply for the territories he conquered. He exported large quantities of minerals, of vegetables and fruits, and of wine and at the same time he cut down his imports. But perhaps the most remarkable of his feats has been the manner he has dealt with the regions he has subdued. He found them all starving, disorganized, ruined. With a lynx eye on this political failure of his adversaries he not only at once provided them with food, but replaced their currencies, provided employers with credits, and in a short time from Bilbao, Santander and the Asturias there was an increase of production above the times of peace.

The populations have accepted his advancing troops with cheers, and continued to live in acceptance of his *régime*, in spite of having heard for a considerable period a propaganda which

described him as a cruel tyrant captaining hordes of foreign invaders—and having been invited to join the proletariats of the world to combat fascism. But people's political opinions are always guided by their stomachs and their pockets.

The truth is, of course, that the Republican propaganda did not deal with this primal motive. Franco's avowed aim all through was to provide every hearth with a fire, every table with bread; and the arrival of his troops restored to the conquered regions a very normal Spanish life; a life where there is very much less patriotic discipline than in France but where there was no shortage of food until, of course, the capture of the Madrid Valencia zone with 8,000,000 of starving people forced rationing on the whole country.

Apart from their traditional contrasts, the Spanish people keep their ancient customs; their heavy meat meals, taken at late hours. For dinner is still apt to begin at ten at night. Such a habit cannot make for efficiency—and does not add to the attractions of travel. Another difficulty is that of the over-fed and, in general, the spoilt child. The Spanish mother still thinks it a sign of love to be indulgent. The Spaniards, therefore feeling it a duty to gratify their cravings wherever those may lead them remain revengeful. This creates a great difficulty in the present Spain, where there are reds and whites in the same family. That will be the drama of the months, of the years to come—the fight of generosity against logic, of forgiveness against revenge.

Such questions are largely questions for the Church to answer. In the days of the Republic, good Catholics complained that the standards of the priesthood were slackening: but heroism has long since paid the debt. The Spanish Bishops have followed the Pope in preaching admirable exhortations to charity and pardon. But piety is one thing and practice is another. Spain will never forfeit the splendid ceremonies of her worship, but that is no reason why she should not know more of the Bible. If the clergy were less interested in the length, or thickness, of bathing-gowns and more in teaching their people the New Testament, they would help to make Spain easier for Europe to understand. Can they do so, or will they guard the ways they share with Africa? Ford, who knew Spain better than any of us, declared that Spain is both unchanged and unchangeable.

If so, the Englishman's task is to adapt himself and enjoy her strangeness, her frankness, her strong flavours of individuality, her sense of the dignity of human nature, her indifference to comfort, her exchange of perseverance and thoroughness for bursts of convulsive energy; for even though the old political intrigue is much diminished, and perhaps for that very reason, the Spaniard has not lost his enjoyment of the sense of being himself. For the present he is tired of faction, tired of war, and though much impoverished may recover for the reason that, for the present, Spain can make a united effort under a leader whom, not without reason, she enthusiastically accepts.

So, for the Englishman to succeed in Spain, the only way is *not* to look back at that republic which haunts the Spaniard's memory with an impression like that of the burning cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The secret of its difficulties was, of course, the link with Russia. The name of Russia is not loved. It is regarded as being responsible for the loss of hundreds of thousands of Spanish lives, of hundreds of millions of capital. Any toleration of Russia seems therefore like betrayal. The English will need to go on their own line. The British Council will set to work and will endeavour to make up for the time lost, and meanwhile every Englishman who can show friendship with Spain is doing constructive work, and insuring his country against the menace which the idea of war still continues to exert, and must exert till Franco is able to point out the definite facts of the situation which already ensure his neutrality—and therefore urge Italy also to be equally wary.

We have therefore certain solid encouragements in viewing the Spanish situation. Spain was not in the September crisis, is not now, and cannot be without huge changes an extension of an aggressive Axis. Since this is so, Italy's own possibilities of aggression are very much diminished.

Therefore, we have every reason to go forward in placing Spain in a solid position, solid that is, not only in being at peace with herself, but solid in her normal relations of cordial intercourse with France and England. She has, it is true, abandoned parliamentary government, but so have Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and, not least important, Portugal. If it does not render them obnoxious to us, why

should there be any difficulty about Spain ? The Axis does not and cannot exercise a military control over her : and where it is a question of sympathy, we must set patiently and practically to work. The Spaniards assess deeds. They began to be cordial to our naval officers only when we rescued their men from the sunken cruiser *Baleares* : they have already responded to the gifts of food and transport which they owe to the Foreign Office. They will, no doubt, appreciate in time the efforts of the Red Cross with the Refugees. When the time comes, they will again welcome the British tourist in those hotels which after 1925, like their roads, made such a wonderful advance. They will appreciate the capacity of Britain and France to absorb the products of their mines ; and meanwhile the plain Britisher, as he begins the day on marmalade, rounds it out on sherry, and eats a spring tomato, may add to his relish of them by realizing that he is taking part in an international act without which Franco could never have carried on and which still holds him fast to that cause of peace for which we need advisedly to work. The way to win Spain for our friendship is to trust her.

THE CHANCES OF THE MONARCHY IN SPAIN

BY MANUEL CHAVES NOGALES

IT is clear that, now the Republic has been overthrown, the only opposition which can be offered to the totalitarian State represented by Franco—a State which is the vassal of Germany and Italy—must be a national institution ; the Spanish monarchy. But what, at this moment, are the chances of the monarchy in Spain ?

The Falangists, who are the core of the new *régime*, consider the Spanish monarchy as an institution which has accomplished its historical mission. The young Primo de Rivera held that it was an institution which had definitely reached extinction. In the eyes of the Falangist the monarchist belongs to what they call in totalitarian countries the “ residual fauna ”. Indeed, the monarchists who docilely linked themselves with Franco’s movement have shown for the Falangists much the same humility and submissiveness as, in the opposite camp, the liberal Republicans observed towards the Communists. And therefore to suppose to-day that it is the monarchists who have triumphed is rather puerile. A balanced consideration of the surviving monarchist forces will quickly convince one of the contrary.

The monarchy collapsed in 1931 because the support of the Army, the only one which it possessed, was suddenly withdrawn. To be more exact, it was betrayed by two military leaders, on whom it had showered favours ; Franco and Sanjurjo. From that moment there was not a single soldier capable of drawing his sword to defend the monarchy. That collapse, following immediately on the defection of the Army, was quite logical ; the only genuinely monarchist force in Spain was the “ traditionalist ” movement, or the “ *requetés* ” of Navarre, unyielding opponents of the liberal Alphonsine monarchy, which had beaten them in the civil wars of the nineteenth century.

The Spanish monarchy, without the support of the military, and faced with the hostility of the Carlists and the disaffection of the liberals from the time of Primo de Rivera's Dictatorship, was bound to succumb without offering any resistance. Even to-day even after the terrible experience of this civil war, not one of these three elements—liberals, traditionalists, the Army—would lend itself to the restoration of that monarchy and that monarch. To a Spaniard, whatever his political outlook, the idea of re-establishing Alphonso XIII on the throne is simply grotesque.

Even at the time of the proclamation of the Republic the monarchists were practically non-existent. The socially conservative classes did not concern themselves with the question of the form of government and were willing to adapt themselves to the new *régime*; even the Catholics, under the direction of the Company of Jesus and Catholic Action, decided to collaborate with the Republic, in the hope of gaining control of it, and converting it into a clerical and reactionary republic.

The revolutionary propaganda of the Communist Party, which pressed insupportably on the young Republic, served as a pretext for the first attempts at reaction which, with General Sanjurjo's rising in Seville, took place under the sign of the Republic and under the Republican flag. In the life-and-death struggle which was carried on between revolution and reaction the question of the monarchy was not even introduced.

The Alphonsine monarchists, consisting of a few dozen aristocrats, recently ennobled for the most part, personal friends or close servants of the dethroned King, united in the small nucleus of *Renovación española*, whose only real strength lay in a great organ of public opinion, the newspaper "ABC" which was the property of the brilliant Marquis de Luca de Tena. This tiny group could count on no solid base in Spanish opinion, and its activities would have remained valueless if it had not sacrificed its Alphonsinism to seek a little chance of life among the only popular monarchist forces existing in Spain; that is, the traditionalists, the ancient Carlists or famous *requetés*. And so there came into being the group of T.Y.R.E. (Traditionalists and Spanish Renewal) whose leader in Parliament was Señor Calvo Sotelo.

In spite of this, the monarchists continued to play an insignificant part in Spain's political tragedy. The Confederation of Autonomous Rights (C.E.D.A.), led by Gil Robles, was the real reactionary power fighting against the revolutionary tendencies of the Republic. The monarchists, Alphonsists or Carlists, grouped together or separated, were only supernumeraries.

When, in 1936, the Spanish generals rose in rebellion their only aim was to gain control of the Republic in order to govern with it. The failure of their *coup d'état* led the military to ask help of international Fascism to begin and carry on the civil war. From the hands of Spanish Phalangism they fell first into the clutches of Italian Fascism and next into those of German Nazism. On the other hand, they never believed either in monarchism or in the monarchists, whom they systematically kept from positions of control, merely taking their money, their flag and their hymn, in order to dissimulate the unnational tendency which the military movement was bound to acquire. In Franco's Spain, to be a monarchist meant to be a suspect. The Marquis de Luca de Tena, most fervent of the Alphonsists, was forced to hand over the political editorship of his paper to a young Phalangist; Señor Quinones de Leon, in Paris, and the Duke of Alba in London were allowed to carry out their duties abroad only under the strict surveillance of trusted Phalange supporters, and were continually in danger, even now, of finding themselves disowned.

Nevertheless, in the course of the war one undeniable fact has been made clear. The only Spanish troops on which Franco can count are those of the traditionalists; the *requetés* of Navarre. Apart from the Moors, the foreign legionaries, the Italian divisions and the German technicians, the only ones who have fought well have been the *requetés*, battling bravely "for God, country and King". As the *requetés* have fought much better than the Phalangists (who are good at repression behind the lines, but not so good when it comes to front-line warfare), General Franco was not able to keep them out of the government of the State, as with the Alphonsists; so the attempt was made to strip them of their monarchist character by forcing them to mix with Phalange to form one Party, to which political power was to be attributed in

the totalitarian State, under the title of "Traditionalist Spanish Phalange".

As a result of this crude manœuvre the only genuinely monarchist power in Spain is distorted and inescapably chained to the adventure of Fascism. In order to incorporate the traditionalist monarchists into Fascism, Franco employs a specious expedient which consists in identifying the anti-liberal, anti-democratic and anti-parliamentary absolutism of the old monarchy with the totalitarian State. But it is not possible to compose a lasting agreement between Traditionalism, the anachronistic survival of Imperial Spain, and Phalange, the imported revolutionary product. Brought together by the war, these two utterly discrepant elements will remain united only while the war lasts. The only thing they have in common is, on the international plane, their hatred of the Western Powers ; of France and even more concretely of England.

What then is this monarchy which, so it is hoped, will safely solve the international problem raised by the Spanish civil war ? The monarchy sought by the "traditionalists" ? Those who suppose this are making a grave mistake. A traditionalist monarchy in Spain would have no mission but that of leading the Spaniards against the Western Powers, at whose expense its supporters dream of reviving that Spanish Empire of the sixteenth century of which General Franco speaks.

There is no other restoration possible. The Alphonsists who are partisans of a liberal, constitutional, and parliamentary monarchy, do not count ; they scarcely exist. They were some few dozens aristocratic and landowning families which the civil war has ruined, and to-day they have either to evolve or perish. Some of them have become Phalangists, others traditionalists ; the rest will gradually take refuge in Paris or London and conspire against the totalitarian State in company with the Republicans.

At the present moment they continue to give warm support to Franco because they believe in the possibility of success of that dynastic mystification which they have so carefully prepared and by which Don Juan, son of Alphonso XIII, might mount the throne, not as his father's legitimate heir and continuing of his line, but as the prince of the "traditionalists", the only monarchists with whom Franco must reckon, because it is they

who have won the war for him. Without the *requetés* Franco would have had foreign soldiers only to fight his battles.

The heir of the Carlist branch, Don Alfonso-Carlos, having died without issue, they claim that the traditionalist succession comes back to the Alphonsine branch in the person of the Infante Don Juan; otherwise the legitimate heir would have to be sought by going back to the Bourbon founder, in which case the throne would probably go to a prince of the house of Bourbon-Parma. This mystification of passing off a son of Alfonso XIII as a Carlist prince is the only hope of those who work for a monarchist restoration in Spain.

In other words, in order to make possible this restoration, which the rulers of Britain and certain among the rulers of France dream of, it would be necessary first for the traditionalists to gain control of the Phalangists, rendering abortive the national syndicalist revolution, shaking off the tutelage of Italy and overthrowing Franco; and secondly for the Infante Don Juan, the traditionalists' candidate, to betray them and convert the anti-liberal, anti-parliamentary, absolutist monarchy, imperialist and Germanophile, for which the *requetés* have fought, into a liberal monarchy, evolving, as did the Alphonsine monarchy, in the orbit of the western Powers. Such an operation involves nothing less than snatching the victory from the two sectors of Spanish opinion which have won the war, Phalangists and Traditionalists, and bestowing the fruits of it on the little group of Alphonsists who have never succeeded in making themselves felt in the struggle and have only managed to have their old mistakes forgiven by dint of submissions and financial sacrifices.

We must not deceive ourselves. A monarchy such as the English conceive for Spain would only be possible there if England were able and willing to create it and to impose it by the methods which Germany and Italy have employed to create and impose the totalitarian State.

As for the real will of the Spaniards themselves, everything which we may say on that count is, at this moment, perfectly superfluous.

The confidence which Europe shows that the new Spain can get rid of the present mortgage on her independence is flattering

for the Spaniards, but it is very likely excessive in so far as concerns Spain's feeling for national independence. No one with the slightest knowledge of history should forget that, from the time of Viriatus until El Empecinado, that feeling was the exclusive possession of the popular classes and never of the aristocracy which has never succeeded in freeing itself from foreign bondage and has never scrupled, whenever it has thought necessary, to bargain away the country.

The legend of the Spaniards' proud independence has no foundation in history other than the unconquerable fidelity which a people, in open and perpetual revolt against the leaders of the State who have invariably betrayed it, has shown for the national substance. In Spain the heroes of national independence were always *guerilleros*, fighting in scattered warfare ; " Reds ", as we should call them. Once the Reds are conquered and humiliated, it is unwise to believe too much in the independence of Spain.

THE FRENCHMAN'S MILITARY SERVICE

BY D. R. GILLIE

“EVERY Frenchman owes military service,” states the law of 1905 “It is equal for all”.

It has not always been so. The modern term “universal military service” has replaced that of “conscription” which stood for the right of the State to raise such men as were required with very little regard for a just distribution of the burden. The idea of universal service is usually traced back to the *levée en masse* of February 1793. But France faced Germany in 1870 with what was essentially a professional army, the result of fifty-five years during which she had waged only colonial wars, or wars of limited objective and effort. The Government had only enrolled a fraction (chosen by lot) of each year's contingent of potential recruits. These men served from six to eight years—and by the end of their service were so cut off from civilian life that they often re-enlisted for a further period in the hope of a pension. The great majority of the recruits came from the villages; the bourgeois could always secure exemption. The majority of the nation was thus spared hardship, while an entirely unjust measure fell upon the minority. During this half century the democratic character of the officer's corps of the Napoleonic era was lost. This army was almost as much an instrument for putting down the government's enemies at home as for protecting the country's frontiers or for conquest overseas.

One of the first acts of the French Government after peace was restored, was to introduce by the law of 1872 universal military service for all but priests and schoolmasters. The full period was five years, but this was only served by about half the contingent. Men with university degrees only served one year. Others were released after six months if they drew a “lucky number”. This very unjust system was gradually modified

in practice so that the time served was rarely more than 40 months. In 1889 the maximum time of service was reduced to three years but one third of the contingent was still privileged by release after one year. Priests were now included. It was the law of 1905 which reduced the service to two years and made it equal for all. The period was raised again to three years for all in 1913. It was reduced after the war to two years, and in 1928 to one. Then in 1935 it was decided to make use of a clause in the existing act in order to keep the recruits with the colours for a second year to make up for the low birth-rate of the years 1915-1919.

During the reorganization of the army after 1870, the most intelligent officers were drawn into the new staff college,—since it was in staff work that the French Army had most obviously lagged behind the Prussian. The outlook of the regimental officer who had to handle the new types of recruit was naturally shaped to a great degree by the traditions of the old army, in which the recruit was often illiterate and was turned into a disciplined automaton, looking forward fatalistically to years of military service. An educated recruit was a very different problem. There were bitter, sometimes unjust, complaints in the press about treatment in barracks, and a literature of ridicule and satire grew up, directed against the officer class. The future Marshal Lyautey in an anonymous article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* of March 15th, 1891, on “The Social Rôle of the Officer in Universal Military Service” mentions a class of cavalry officers for whom it was good form to boast that they knew all their horses individually but not their men. This clash between the Republic and the army, a clash between two political traditions, was long drawn-out and costly. After the victory of the Dreyfusards, it led to a period at the beginning of this century during which the military budget was cut disastrously low and recruitment of officers and N.C.O.’s was for a short period almost halved.

But the conflict was not only costly, it was eminently fruitful both for the Republic and for the Army. The old aristocratic caste of officers with their fine traditions, and their limitations, were being replaced or supplemented by a new type, for the enlarged citizen army required a much bigger *cadre* than the

old long-service force. Competition to enter the military schools was keen and their intellectual level was kept high. Since officers could no longer look forward to constant short wars to lend interest to their careers, their attention was concentrated more and more on their function as educators, and it was soon realized by the best amongst them that a citizen army could not be created by technical military education alone.

Lyautey's article, already referred to, represents a change of outlook complementary to the conflict which raged around the Dreyfus case and historically no less important. Lyautey urged that unless the period of military service was also one of moral and civic education, it was likely to be one of demoralization at a most impressionable age. He appealed to officers not simply to react in anger against criticism and attacks, but to consider whether there was not some degree of justification for them. Finally he pointed out that the rôle of "social educator" which he expounded greatly enhanced the interest of the military vocation. His conception as a doctrine, was at the time novel and startling, though the practice of many officers already conformed to it. It is now a commonplace of French military ethics and reflected in the general instructions of the *Manuel du Gradé de l'Infanterie*.

An intelligent and humanly considerate treatment of conscripts is enforced to-day not only by the pressure of democratic public opinion and the rising standard of education amongst the men, but also by the quantitative limitation of French man-power. It is to no one's interest that a recruit should be a square peg in a round hole. A modern army requires the greatest diversity of services and an equal diversity of aptitudes.

Today every young Frenchman is required to present himself before the local *Conseil de Révision* for medical inspection at the age of 19. He is then judged either (a) *bon pour le service armé*, (b) *bon pour le service auxiliaire* (i.e. non-combatant), (c) exempted from service as unfit or (d) in case of military physical weakness which is likely to be passing, ordered to present himself again for re-examination next year. Normally he will join the army in the April or October after his twentieth birthday, but he can ask for successive postponements up to the age of twenty-five for any reasonable motive, i.e., in order to complete

his studies ; because he is engaged in some undertaking which it would be prejudicial to him to interrupt ; because he is supporting his family ; or because his brother has not yet finished his term of military service.

The moment of setting out for military service is both the first occasion on which a young Frenchman feels himself somebody, and on which he has left his family circle. It carries with it something of the tremors of an English boy leaving for boarding school. The Frenchman, however, is not 13 but 20. In the villages and small towns he often marches to the railway station behind a flag with the town band playing or the fire brigade doing its best to give the occasion a festive air. In the towns there may be press photographers at the railway station.

He arrives at the barracks with a small suitcase, and is immediately provided with a uniform (he may have had one made to measure before he set out), underclothes (he can wear his own if he wishes) and a box for his personal possessions. His military effects and this box form his *paquetage* which is stacked in an exactly prescribed fashion above his bed in the *chambrée*. The *chambrée* or military dormitory is a large airy but barnlike room with about twenty beds in charge of a corporal, who is himself a conscript in his second year of service. In every *chambrée* new arrivals are mixed with those who have already six months, a year or eighteen months service to their credit. The furnishing consists of the beds, the shelves and hooks above them, and usually a table with a bench or two in the middle of the room. A curtain extending about half the length of the bed can be drawn at night ; it is intended to prevent respiratory infection. The men eat in a refectory and have a canteen, as well as, in most barracks a *foyer du soldat* or club-room with a small lending library, billiard and table-tennis tables, etc. The *foyer* is presided over by a firm but maternal woman who addresses all soldiers as "*mon petit*".

The decoration of the interior of a barracks depends upon the degree of artistic talent available when the time comes for a repaint every three or four years. Mere whitewash is unusual. Commonplace stencil patterns of flower wreaths are often to be met with, but also quite ambitious frescoes on occasion and sometimes a decorative scheme which indicates wit and talent.

Playing cards were taken as a motive in a barracks near Paris, each suit representing one of the four companies lodged there.

The day starts at five or six in the morning according to the season and the situation of the barracks. Middle-day dinner is at 11.30, and the men are free till two, but not allowed to leave the barracks. Work is over for the day at 5 or 5.30 p.m. Those who are not on guard duty can then leave the barracks till 9 p.m. when there is roll call in the *chambrée*. Saturday afternoon and the whole of Sunday are free. Each soldier has 17 days leave a year but none in the first six months of his service.

His days are mostly passed in the open, and early rising makes the early "lights out" a necessity rather than a hardship. Each regiment is allotted for food a sum of money proportionate to the number of soldiers present. The quality of the meals depends a great deal on the intelligence with which this money is spent by the officer in charge. Exceptionally bad management would sooner or later bring complaints through a deputy to the Ministry of War. Frenchmen are nearly all interested in the problem of food, and the meals are therefore probably in most barracks at least as interesting as those served in many English homes, though inevitably simple. Each soldier receives a quarter litre of red wine with his dinner and with his supper. The majority of recruits put on weight during the first year of their service. Married recruits have a right to be garrisoned in their home towns and are allowed out of barracks two nights a week.

The problems of life in barracks are similar to those of life in boarding-schools—with allowance for the difference of age, and for the greater contrast in personal habits between men of every grade of social environment. There are, of course, some *brimades*, i.e., ragging or bullying, in spite of official condemnation and an officer, who learns of it, has to remember like a school-master, that his intervention may make it worse for the victim. The extent of this evil it is impossible to estimate, and it is probably very spasmodic. In view of the greater maturity of both ragger and ragged it is less likely to be serious than in some English schools. There is more escape than for the schoolboy. A man serving as a private has at least his free time in the evening and his Sundays. A certain number of young

men are obviously quite unadapted to military requirements, but there are always a number of clerical jobs which must be filled. Practically all those who pass through the universities or an equivalent technical institute, obtain before doing their service a certificate of "military preparation" after a two-year course similar to O.T.C. training. Armed with this they do their service as *élève-officers* and become reserve officers. Their *chambrée* will be somewhat smaller than that of the ordinary conscript, and their comrades all of approximately the same social habits as themselves. They are, however, subjected during the first part of their training to a more restrictive discipline.

Those who choose the career of regular officer are subjected to the severest discipline of all. The cadets of Saint Cyr (equivalent to Sandhurst) sleep in a *chambrée* three or four times the size of those of the ordinary soldier and have the same restricted space for the *paquetage* above their beds. The cadets of the Polytechnique (the equivalent of Woolwich) have dormitories for eight or ten and studies for the same number. This does not prevent the Polytechnique from having an intellectual prestige equal to that of any other institution of higher education in France. A *polytechnicien* has to face in life the odium of being presumed a "high-brow", but if he leaves the army he starts civil life with an initial advantage which sets him well ahead of those who have passed through the *Ecole Centrale* (the civil engineering school).

Few Frenchmen are displeased when their term of military service is over. But very few would wish to have avoided it. (There is no party in France which demands the abolition of the general obligation; there are, of course, the 100% Quaker pacifists, but they are only a small sect). For most it offers the first taste of manhood, the first wide experience of men and things, the first emancipation from home life. Those who go to military service from the university are compelled in their contacts with comrades of very different training and origin to reconsider their ideas in terms of a severe test of human experience. These contacts are sometimes as stimulating as the years at a university.

On the whole one may say that military service has provided the Republic with a standard of civic solidarity and non-partisan

discipline, without which the *régime* might well have foundered. However bitter party feuds may be, Frenchmen are fundamentally conscious of the equalitarian comradeship of the service to which they may all be called back until they have passed their forty-ninth year. It is a common burden to be carried in a common loyalty. Above all, universal service has taken the army right out of politics.

The officers are well aware that they have a job to do, in which they would only be hampered, if the public suspected them of political ambition. They are too busy to have energy to spare for non-professional purposes. The political influence of the army to-day is simply the general staff's report to the Minister of War of what is in their view militarily essential. It is not another Boulanger that the Republic fears. Conscripts cannot be usefully employed for police duties such as Alfred de Vigny complained of 100 years ago. Attempts to do so have usually been very bad for discipline. It is for this reason that a body of militarily trained police 20,000 strong, the Gardes Mobiles, has been created to deal with rioters—not a large enough body to threaten constitutional government.

If, at any future date, the civil liberties of France should be threatened by the army it is unlikely to be through the political ambitions of her officers. It will be either because the civilian politician has failed hopelessly, or because modern warfare has become so totalitarian that it leaves no hole or corner in which civilian life can find a refuge—a state of affairs which would be regretted by no one in France more than by her professional soldiers.

CORSICAN FIBRE

BY MICHAEL LANGLEY

THE Frenchman of tidy habits is inclined to regard Corsica as a rather wild spot, lacking the extravagant attractions of the Côte d'Azur but providing a superb show of mountain and forest scenery and, for those equipped *pour la chasse*, plenty of chances to fish and shoot. But he has no special yearning to stalk mouflon or to lie in wait for partridge, snipe and duck. Nor is he keen about fishing. The Shropshire clergyman who crossed with me from Marseilles to Ile Rousse, descending later at Corte where the Tavignano and Restonica rivers meet, ought, he would say, to be the better hand with a rod. The Frenchman would leave the fishing, sketching and walking to the English, for he does not hanker to explore this maquis-covered patch beyond the Riviera's ornamental terrace. Yet the island is dear to him. He would relax *en famille* at one of the hotels in Ajaccio or Calvi ; in conversation with Corsicans he would scorn all stories of bandits but dwell with relish on the high tempers that run here at election times ; he would toy with the idea of doing the four-day Tour de la Corse, tot up his francs and decide that it would mean going back by boat instead of making the hop from Ajaccio to Marseilles with the Air France Paris-Tunis service ; at sundown he would buy his drinks and smoke cigarettes at less than half their price on the mainland while watching Ajacciens stroll in the Cours Napoléon and Place du Diamant ; almost certainly he would visit the house where Napoléon was born. And still he might not know why the island was dear to him.

It is so because it is an inseparable part of France. The affection of the Corsican of this Southernmost *département* for his compatriots north springs from his high valuation of freedom and independence. For the rights that freedom and independence carry are honoured among democracies, and in this one hundred

and fiftieth year of the Republic it heartens the Frenchman to feel that the Corsican and himself have a common bond. No national pretensions await the disillusioning blows of war. The Napoleonic tradition has ripened into a resolute spirit of defence. Home and the family and lifelong associations nourish the fibre of the defenders of democracy. And by reason of mountainous surroundings, the Corsican's home is his castle, much more so than the Englishman's flat. The defence of that castle has necessarily received close attention of late.

Corsica is little needed to-day as a shelter for ships running between North Africa and the South of France. Its value as a source of timber is not so great as in sailing vessel days. But the harbours of Calvi, Bastia, St. Florent, and Ajaccio in particular, make splendid seaplane bases, open in peace to civil aviation and in an emergency capable of protection by land batteries, anti-aircraft units and machines from an aerodrome under construction at Folleli-Orezza twenty miles south of Bastia on the east coast. When visiting Corsica last January, M. Daladier gave the assurance that "we are strong enough to defend you and guarantee your security". Had there not at the time been an anti-French outburst in Italy, extending even to the cry of "We want Corsica", such a statement could not have been necessary. Military and naval authorities embrace Corsica in the southern region of France. They regard Bonifacio as a most salient point, and the events of recent months have shown that the situation was well understood when plans were made three years ago for new strategic roads and the reconstruction of fortifications in and around Bonifacio, which town confronts Sardinia to the south.

Such precautions have never gone beyond a minimum consistent with the island's safety. But they have undoubtedly caused concern in an Italy infected by the geo-politic considerations and thoroughgoing strategy of German friends. The Italian now sees Corsica as a possibly hostile base athwart the Barcelona-Minorca route to Genoa, Leghorn, Spezia and Italy's industrial north. A government of uneasy conscience frets at the thought of aircraft concentrated in an island so close to the Italian coast. There is no doubt that in a general conflict in the Mediterranean Corsica would be regarded by Italy as a prize for which she would

pay dearly in aircraft, warships and landing parties, or equally probably seek to secure as a return for holding her hand, say over Marseilles, where the Italian population is large. In Corsica some 20,000 Italians have for years been happily settled and employed in agriculture, building and the local charcoal burning industry. That figure has dropped by roughly 1,200 since the Fascist Government offered its nationals who have been earning their bread on French territory one thousand lira and the promise of work if they return to Italy. The bulk of the 1,200 did not leave when two transports called at Bastia in March (carrying, it is widely believed, Count Ciano), but only after the invasion of Albania led the French military authorities to raise the land forces in Corsica to over 25,000, including Senegalese and North African troops.

This influx may have done something to deter a small minority of the Italians in Corsica from remaining, but it has given many the cue to enlist. Italians in Corsica were joining the French army at the rate of a hundred a week during April. With the Corsican they are pledged to France never to yield to predatory nationalism. France alone among Roman, Moorish, Pisan and Genoese has given the Corsican the freedom he demands, and he lavishes gratitude. 40,000 Corsicans fell in the Great War and for years afterwards the black worn by most of the island's population, then a quarter of a million, was contrasted with the happier appearance of the Sardinians. It would not be in the Corsican nature to draw back if there was ever danger even of this figure being surpassed. The virile manhood which engaged in vendetta until a generation ago to-day finds scope in France and her Empire. Six per cent. of French army officers and twenty-two per cent. of *sous-officiers* are Corsicans. Twenty per cent. of the Colonial administrative posts and a host of situations in French commercial enterprise overseas are held by men of Corsican origin. It is estimated that there are 900,000 Corsicans in the world, and of these an undisputed figure of 322,000 live in Corsica.

This population is curiously dispersed, the most densely populated areas outside Ajaccio (37,000) and Bastia (50,000) being found in the hills at about 2,000 feet. Long stretches of littoral, especially the malarial coast line facing Italy, have

been deserted in the past for the healthier uplands. Up there the cultivation of the chestnut for its extract, exported for use in tanning leather, is intense. This is perhaps the most valuable of Corsica's exports, which include cheese, wine, fruit, draught animals and hides, a total value in the last returns of 68 million francs. That is poor for a *département* of 8,721 square kilometres, ranking sixth in size in France. Against imports it leaves a deficit of 193 million francs and the impression that Corsica must be doing fairly well out of tourists. In normal times she does. The English colony of four or five hundred who used to winter in Ajaccio before the war is reduced to a few autumn leaves. But the influx of visitors, French and foreign, making the crossing on the Fraissinet boats from Marseilles and Nice, numbers 40,000 a year. Human curiosity, the Napoleonic connexion, the glamour of bandits and scent of the maquis are worth more to Corsica than the produce of her soil. The globe artichokes which recur on the hotel table come from plots that are not easily cultivated, hillside terraces rising step by step from the roads that wind steeply into the interior. And from the train that climbs laboriously into these mountains, screaming at mules and calves which wander onto the single track and stopping to get up steam on the steepest gradients, you can see at its best the maquis. Heather, broom, cistus, gorse, myrtle, lavender, wild olive and rosemary encroach on the railway embankment. And the figure which breaks through this luxuriant scrub is of a Corsican peasant. He is wearing a black hat and the loose fitting corduroy coat and trousers are black, the trousers held at the waist by a scarlet sash. And as the train creeps by there is a good-natured smile for French friends from the Corsican of untidy habit.

THE STATE OF DENMARK

BY TYGE LASSEN

ONE does not like to think of one's country—after several thousand years of mainly quiet progression—as an international “problem”. The vast difference between having a problem to be solved, or *being* one, is forcefully brought home by an invitation to write on the state of Denmark from the Editor of a periodical, which deals chiefly with the current affairs of a hectic Europe. Nevertheless, I would assure my readers that, *pace* William Shakespeare, nothing is rotten in the state of Denmark to-day—or at least no more than in any other country.

Unless interfered with from without, Denmark is not likely to present an international “problem”, but the Danes do have some problems of their own, needing treatment—and also some which, being inherent in the country's political geography, cannot be remedied. The first category includes mainly economic problems, while those in the second are chiefly of a strategic order. The two types overlap, however, to such an extent that they cannot be disentangled for piecemeal presentation. Hence the separate outlines will have to emerge gradually from the general chaos of condensed description.

When the rocks of Norway and Sweden emerged after the later glacial periods of prehistoric times, peninsular Jutland and the hundreds of isles later to be known collectively as Denmark came into being as low banks of moraine sands and diluvial clay, settled on top of mostly deep-lying foundations of lime and chalk. The uppermost of these geological formations to-day serve the needs of Denmark's only “natural” industry: the making of cement. Apart from this the nation's income from international trade and barter is derived partly from industrial activities based on the fabrication of *imported* raw materials into highly specialized goods, but mostly from the selling of

agricultural produce, for the production of which Denmark is eminently suited.

As Newcastle and points west and north know, Denmark commands mechanical power neither from rivers nor from coal or oil and must therefore import the two last-mentioned commodities for our many dairies and our relatively few factories. In exchange for coal and oil we supply the United Kingdom and other countries with butter, bacon and eggs, etc. Thus prescribed for by Mother Nature, Denmark always was, and always must remain, a chiefly agricultural country. The statisticians tell us that (roughly) 75 per cent. of Danish exports are agricultural, only the remaining 25 per cent. industrial. But the national income has for several decades been supplemented by secondary activities. In proportion to their small number of less than 4 million people the Danes take a very active part in world trade; they run a few plantations in the far East; they are engaged in shipping (Denmark has a fair sized commercial fleet), and as contracting engineers—the new railway system of Iran, and many roads and bridges all over the world are built by Danes; also they own and work several telegraph lines in different parts of the world.

Politically the Danish Crown was vested with absolute powers in a largely feudal system until 1849, when the much beloved King Frederik VII granted unto his people a democratic parliamentary constitution, modelled on lines similar to that of England. The Conservative Party held the government until 1901, when the Liberals came into power, to be succeeded several years later by the Radical-Liberals, a minority party which held the Cabinet from before the Great War, supported by the Socialist members in both Houses, and until 1920. For two periods after that year the Liberals were in power again—with Conservative support—but from 1929 to the present day, the Socialists *plus* the Radical-Liberals have been vested with the Government, the latter party holding 3 seats in the Cabinet, including that of the Foreign Secretary (Dr. Peter Munch, who was also Foreign Secretary during the War).

For several decades the Governments of Denmark have only been able to exist by a coalition of two parties; this is mainly due to changes—personally I should hardly call them

amendments—in the constitution in 1915, resulting in the majority-principle of the general parliamentary elections being supplemented by the so-called “relative voting” which provides the various political parties with supplementary seats, even when they cannot command the absolute majority of votes in a corresponding number of constituencies. This alteration aimed at a sort of “mathematical justice” in the parliamentary representation of political minorities; but this idea is hardly in keeping with the democratic principle of vesting the power in the majority-party. And the result, inevitably, was to make it well-nigh impossible for any single party to obtain sufficient parliamentary seats to govern the country without support from some satellite party.

The fault of this system, only in a still more pronounced form, was very much in evidence in Germany under the Weimar Constitution, as it is also in France to-day. In such circumstances no one political party ever gets a chance to try out the actual working of its basic ideas, because its secondary supporters in the satellite party always demand some influence for their dissenting views. Hence much bewilderment amongst the voting public at general elections.

This system also favours the creation of too many small political parties; Denmark at present has at least a dozen—to represent the views of less than four million people! And these circumstances furnish the key to some of the most important political problems. Our Socialists are strongly protectionist in matters of foreign trade, and their Radical-Liberal supporters have been forced to abolish—temporarily they say—their own free-trade ideals in order to retain their three seats in the protectionist Government, headed by a Socialist Prime Minister. To keep in a horizontal position the political scales of “mathematical justice” the Radical-Liberal Party, on the other hand, have up to now imposed their anti-militaristic views to such an extent that Danish armaments are smaller and less effective than those of our Scandinavian sister-countries. In Sweden, the Socialist Prime Minister has armed his country heavily, regardless of the primarily anti-militaristic ideals of his party, because he wisely deems the special and abnormal conditions of Europe to necessitate special measures of

precaution. And, I believe, his Danish colleague would like to follow suit, if the Radical-Liberal supporters of his Government did not prevent him from doing so.

In fairness it must be stated, though, that there is an increasing tendency towards the necessity for increased armaments even in Denmark, and a few preliminary steps in this direction have already been taken. The small but politically influential party of anti-militarists present their case in terms of 'What is the good of spending millions on armaments, when Denmark will never be able, try as she might, to stage any effective resistance against an all-powerful potential aggressor? And the very existence of too many guns might even jeopardize our position by furnishing the excuse of a "menace" to be subdued by aggression from outside our frontiers. During the Great War 1914—1918, we kept outside the conflicts by being too harmless to be worth interfering with'.

On the other hand, an increasing number of Danes argue quite the contrary: 'Even though Denmark might never be able to resist, unaided, a powerful aggressor, it is not likely that we should be singled out for any isolated attack. Our danger lies in becoming a pawn in some bigger game of war, and in that case even a comparatively small Danish army and fleet, created by our utmost efforts, might prove sufficient to make Denmark a none too tempting prey. Also we cannot expect any benevolent power to come to our aid, if the need should arise, unless we have given proof of our will and ability to share in our own defence'.

Which of the two views will eventually win the day remains to be seen, but the supporters of the latter seem to be steadily increasing. Closely linked with this major problem of Danish policy is the fact that a steady stream of totalitarian propaganda has for several years been directed against Danish shores. The results of this are somewhat difficult to gauge, as they have to be judged on the basis of data that seem inconsistent with one another. At the recent parliamentary elections the Communists as well as the Nazis registered an increase at the polling, but the former won no more than their previous 2 seats, while the Nazis gained 3 (out of a Lower-House total of 149) where they had hitherto held none. But at the same time the *Danish* votes

in the frontier-districts of Slesvig (Southern Jutland) showed a notable increase, so that the Nazi advance may perhaps be ascribed to the inevitable results of the above-mentioned polling-system, which favours the formation of new political parties. The fact that other fractions, not subsidized from abroad, also increased their numbers, make this explanation likely. An indicator in the same direction is the mental attitude of the Danish people which is deeply alien to all totalitarian views. The mind of Hamlet was neither that of a serf, nor of a dictator.

On the other hand, one should not underestimate the importance of the lively trade, which for many centuries has existed between Germany and Denmark, as a potential carrier-wave for political influence. The middle-classes of Denmark have many ideals of liberty, culture and sporting-spirit in common with the sons of Albion. English is taught in all secondary schools and in some primary ones, and English books are more widely read in Denmark than any other foreign literature ; Danish games and sports are closely allied in spirit and practice to their British counterparts. But British insularity has only in recent times given way to a more intimate and inviting attitude towards "foreigners"; and the Anglophile Dane never used to get much of a chance to mix with the English people or initiate friendships with residents of the United Kingdom—especially because travelling in England is expensive, poorly organized, and even more poorly advertised. Whereas the Germans, before Hitler and even more now, always gave tourists a warm welcome ; they are born good mixers—and as individuals often very friendly and charming, aggressive only when organized in groups. It is cheap to travel in Germany, everything is done for the comfort of visitors, and the German language presents fewer problems to Scandinavians than does the English. Despite the short period of its existence "The British Council" has already done very much indeed to strengthen old ties and create new ones between Great Britain and other countries of democratic and liberal ideals. And this is just as vital for the future destiny of these ideals as any re-armament ; but the importance of the former efforts has not yet been realized to the same degree as that of the latter. The

available funds for British cultural work abroad are very far from being sufficient and should therefore be multiplied in relative proportion to expenditures on armaments, both for the sake of British influence and prestige abroad and in order to counterbalance other influences, which at present are brought to bear heavily, being backed by immeasurably larger sums, on the democratic countries. Special attention should be paid to the creation of better and cheaper travel facilities for continental and Scandinavian tourists who want to visit the United Kingdom. Group-visits, holiday-arrangements, special tours for the individual visitor at a fixed inclusive rate, etc., should be initiated on a grand scale. I mention these matters purposely in connection with this article on the state of Denmark, because they are of just as vital importance to the future of the Scandinavian countries as to that of Great Britain. A good beginning has already been made through the English "Motoring Abroad Publications" and by several Scandinavian Youth-Organizations which have arranged special facilities for their members to spend a summer vacation in the United Kingdom; but all this is based on private enterprise which needs public recognition and extensive backing to develop sufficiently. And this thesis also applies to magazines and other publications—such as the ably conducted *Scandinavian Review*—which are published in London and abroad to minister to the mutual interests of the English and their continental friends; but the publishers serving such vital causes have so far been left to fight their battle single-handed.

Fortunately much more is being done in matters of trade. The old-fashioned British attitude of 'take our goods as we make them, or leave them unbought' is slowly giving way to a policy of better adaptation to the requirements and wishes of the purchasing public abroad, and sales have increased accordingly—especially in the case of Denmark. The vast difference in the size of population in Denmark, as compared with Great Britain, will always make it impossible for us to buy as much from England as she buys from us. But our efforts towards a better balance—from the British point of view—have already succeeded so far that to-day the Danes buy more *per capita* from England

than any other country outside the British Commonwealth of Nations.

This happy result was achieved despite the fact that Danish economics present some very knotty problems. Starting as it did with a slump in wheat-prices, the world economic crisis during the first years of the present decade inevitably struck agricultural Denmark with catastrophic force. For several years previously our trade-balance—in terms of economic values—was on the negative side, the deficit being counter-balanced by our income from shipping, transit trade, *etc.* ; but these reserves also failed. So when England went off the gold-standard, Denmark had to follow suit. To keep the rate of exchange of our money at a fixed level of 22.40 kroner to the English Pound a special system of import licences (the so-called *Valuta-Central*) was introduced. It was initiated also with a view to increasing our exports by accepting imports mainly from the countries of our customers. The figures of unemployment in Denmark, unfortunately, ran rather high at that time, and our Socialist coalition Government, which is very much influenced by powerful trade unions, thought that the system of import licences might also be useful to create employment by the protection of home-industries. Several efforts were made along these lines, despite loud warnings from the opposition benches that curtailing of imports were certain to jeopardize our agricultural exports in these times of international barter. The passing years have borne out these warnings : agriculture has suffered, perhaps not so much in decreased volume of exports as because protectionism has maintained a high level of general commodities, except agricultural produce. Four-fifths of this latter has to be sold on unprotected markets abroad, so that many farmers were ruined, since their incomes decreased while their expenditure (wages, rates of interest, machinery, taxes, *etc.*) multiplied. And the measures of industrial protection, which might have proved sound in countries of more varied economic resources, failed dismally in Denmark where factories have to import everything. As those (roughly) 75 per cent. of the population, who have to rely directly or indirectly on agriculture for their incomes, became increasingly hard up, the

consumption of industrial products naturally suffered accordingly ; while the trade unions by force of collective organization succeeded in keeping up the tariff of wages, unemployment soared to unprecedented figures, setting a new record in this year of grace in which we are celebrating the tenth anniversary of Socialist-trade union government.

As the United Kingdom cannot absorb the whole of our agricultural export, the surplus *must* be sold elsewhere, because interest has to be paid on the vast amount of capital sunk in the farms, dairies, agricultural machinery, *etc.* ; so that it is impossible to cut down the rate of production. Also in this respect the protective system of import restrictions has proved fatal. Germany wants to buy the pigs which in waiting to be admitted to the English market have grown too fat to suit English tastes ; but she cannot pay cash exclusively and demands German goods to be accepted in part-payment for Danish agricultural produce. This stimulates barter between the two countries and makes Denmark dependent to a certain degree on relations with the Germans, who are very capably working economic channels to carry political influence as well.

Thus the Danes to-day find themselves in a none too enviable position. Destined by the scantiness of natural resources and the lack of industrial power and raw materials to rely economically on barter, where only agricultural produce can be offered in exchange for nearly all other necessities, Denmark finds her political position as precarious as her economics. In normal times her position is fundamentally sound—but the present day is far from normal. Geographically placed next-door to dissatisfied neighbours of very determined views, she has to watch her steps very carefully ; her foreign policy during the present century has necessarily been one of the strictest neutrality, making any kind of pact or agreement with outside Powers undesirable because it might involve her in some way or other in the eventual conflicts of the co-signatory Power. It stands to reason, therefore, that the German demands at the beginning of May, 1939 for a bilateral non-aggression pact with Denmark kept lights shining all night from the windows of the Foreign Office in Copenhagen, and necessitated a conference in Stockholm between the Danish Foreign Secretary and his

colleagues from the other Scandinavian countries which had received similar demands.

This brings to the fore a point of vital importance to the future destiny of Denmark : inter-Scandinavian allegiance, not in the shape of definite military pacts but in the less tangible, yet very real and, in case of need, I hope, also effective form of active co-operation—founded upon similar feelings, which prompt members of the same family to assist one another when called upon. The relations between the Scandinavian countries are very happy indeed. Armed conflicts between these sister-nations are unthinkable and impossible, as Norway and Denmark proved a few years ago when they asked the International Court of Justice in the Hague to settle their divergent claims to certain districts in Greenland, and afterwards abided loyally by the decision. Each succeeding year of ever-gathering clouds on the horizon of Europe has brought home the necessity of increasing unity of purpose and loyalty of co-operation between the Scandinavian nations—each a mere handful of people, watching anxiously the development of European discord, yet by pooling their resources able to add considerably to the weight of their arguments when challenged.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

HISTORY perhaps will decide that President Roosevelt's intervention in European affairs was epoch-making. To us, who are still very imperfectly informed, it seems to have averted the imminent likelihood of a blundering rush into war; for a further and final surrender to Germany became impossible when the British Government gave its guarantee to Poland. Yet the manifest fact that neither Britain nor France could bring any immediate aid to the threatened country stood out so glaringly that there was strong temptation for Herr Hitler to attempt one more *fait accompli*. Movements of the German fleet towards the Western Mediterranean looked like a challenge, and were doubtless intended to terrorize the British democracy; if this was bad psychology, that is not a new thing in German character; and Great Britain's decisive action of adopting compulsory service had not yet been taken. Any hour, any day, might bring the irreparable; and then President Roosevelt acted. He saw that the dictatorships held a priceless advantage in their swiftness of movement, and like them he acted swiftly. He saw that the dictators, men highly gifted with imagination, had fixed upon the air as the element specially adapted to speed. On a reckoning of force they had made themselves masters of the air. But the ether has other uses for the genius of inventive man. Hitler and Mussolini can to a great extent shut their frontiers against the written word; they can lock up in their bureaux communications made through the channels of diplomacy. But they cannot as yet keep from public knowledge what is conveyed by vibrations through the air. President Roosevelt addressed the German and Italian nations through their official heads, and the message was in essence, 'Do you want war?'

Such a challenge from the head of the most powerful State in the world was, he probably considered, certain to give pause even to the rashest ; and he judged right. In the first place, it was found impossible to keep the text of his message from the German and Italian peoples ; in the second, Herr Hitler, with whom the initiative lay, fixed a period of eleven days before he should reply. No man knows better than he how much even a pause of eleven days may be worth for those who are preparing to stem a rush ; yet the pause was given because it had to be given. When the public answer came, one thing was clear ; Herr Hitler could not assume before his people the responsibility of showing willingness to embark on war ; and from day to day since President Roosevelt's message, war has grown less likely, and preparedness for defence has increased.

It should seem also that the message put heart into the British Government. Introduction of compulsory service followed, not done in the best way, but at least done swiftly, and coupled with the unexpected pledge to Rumania ; coupled further with negotiations in Turkey, now happily completed, to extend the defensive front along the whole line of German's projected expansion. None the less, the key to the situation in Eastern Europe is Poland. Certainly Poland continues to be menaced and is not efficiently protected against most formidable damage. But the world knows, and the German people know, her determination and ability to offer a resistance which not even the Germany army can regard as other than serious, while Europe at large has welcomed the dignity and self-control with which Colonel Beck, in replying to Herr Hitler, stated her position. That statement has also made clear to all concerned what Germany means by her offer of pacts to the smaller countries which are her neighbours. Poland concluded such a pact of non-aggression. But when, after the German performances in Czecho-Slovakia, Poland thought it wise to accept a guarantee of aid from Great Britain should her vital interests be menaced, Germany at once denounced the pact which Poland had loyally observed. In short, the German offer of non-aggression to the Scandinavian and Baltic States must be taken to mean that each country which accepts it will be denied the right to seek or to give

**Poland—the
Key**

guarantees elsewhere. They would be in the position which England for a period imposed on the Boer Republic. And since Germany's intentions are singularly liable to alter—as indeed England's intentions have been on occasion—the security proposed is less tempting.

However, at the moment, one fact stands out. There has been resistance, and the stampede has been checked. Revived Poland owes a great debt to the European allies by whose aid she was restored to the fellowship of free nations. If the Great War had achieved nothing but that, it was an achievement worth much ; and those in Europe who care for freedom and for international justice can see now with delight that Poland is nobly repaying her debt by a valiant determination to hold what was won back through blood and tears. Those who were proud of the part played in the Great War by the English-speaking race can be proud to see Great Britain commit her honour to a joint support with France of Poland's liberties, with which the liberties of all Europe, western as well as eastern, are inextricably bound up. But it is also good to recognize how swift and how skilful and how bold an assistance came, unlooked for, from the head of that great English-speaking people across the ocean, who are not England, and are not Europe, but begin to realize under his leadership that they also are part of European civilization, and cannot look on indifferent while it is degraded and destroyed.

Looking at the English scene, there is much that could be wished otherwise. This great and sudden reversal of policy

Eddies of	for which Mr. Chamberlain's Government has made
British	itself responsible, has, on a superficial view, not
Politics	commanded that universal assent which was to be

desired. Yet, in essence, agreement is there. No party, hardly even any fraction of any party, refuses to endorse the guarantees to Poland, Greece and Rumania ; the only objection raised is that sufficient backing is not provided to make them effective. Mr. Chamberlain is blamed for not coming to immediate understanding with Russia ; and he is the more readily blamed because great masses of the democracy distrust his leadership. That is not surprising, for these same groups of opinion hold him

responsible for the sacrifice in Czechoslovakia of a great bastion of freedom. The man is too strong, too imperious in action, not to be blamed, even beyond reason, when things go wrong in a great affair to which he has set his hand—even though that hand did not act alone, nor all-powerfully. But it was inevitable that this sudden change over from a voluntary system to compulsory service should not be accepted—as coming from him. Even those who hold that sweeping change to be not only necessary but desirable cannot fairly blame the opposition to it; and all must, I think, blame Mr. Chamberlain for his failure to take the steps which would have lessened that opposition. Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, Munich, those meetings carried the seeds of destruction for Czechoslovakia—and of immense increase in power to the dictatorships. Other men foresaw then that what Mr. Chamberlain did not foresee; and now that his European policy has to be radically altered—and in truth reversed—he insists that the team with which he worked last September shall be essentially preserved. He resists, certainly against widespread popular desire, all idea of including those who had keener vision; more particularly, Mr. Churchill, against whom no charge of factious opposition can be urged. This deliberate narrowing of the basis for his administration certainly has lessened the chances of universal support. Men count no less than measures. What is more, lookers-on begin to say that if Mr. Churchill is left on the back benches, the reason is that to bring him in would be a provocation to the Germans, whose designs he has persistently foreseen and exposed. I, for my part, refuse to believe that Mr. Chamberlain would concede either to Hitler or Mussolini such a veto on possible choices for his Cabinet; but the deplorable fact remains that it is believed, and is even regarded as a reasonable precaution. The nation is not getting the best service that it might, and Mr. Chamberlain could go far to give his policy a completely national support, even without looking beyond his own party for fresh assistance. In many ways he recalls Sir Robert Walpole; and the least admirable point in Walpole's character was his desire to be rid of first-rate colleagues.

Among the many letters on the question of conscription which have appeared in *The Times*, one of the most interesting

New came from General Sir Alexander Godley, who
Zealand went out to New Zealand in 1910 to organize the
Example beginnings there of what was called universal service. His point was that the word "conscription" was repellent and that by any other name this blossom of patriotic effort smelt much sweeter. More should be made of the New Zealand example that has been made. No part of the British Commonwealth is more fully democratic than New Zealand, and none is more completely British in race and in sentiment. Yet this democratic British community, in time of what then seemed to many peace unshakeable, adopted this principle of universal obligation; and the results were seen when the force which General Godley had organized went out under his leadership to take part in the greatest war that the world had known. Joined with the Australians, they got their name of Anzacs on the Gallipoli peninsula, and they carried it on to the roughest fields in France. Everyone who was in the war knows that the war produced no better soldiers; and I think that apart from their fighting value, it was a generally held opinion that the New Zealanders, coming from a longer established training, were more completely disciplined.

General Godley, as was natural, has now published his reminiscences, having for title *The Life of an Irish Soldier*, and

A Good- all that he has chosen to say about the beginnings
Tempered of universal service in New Zealand is well worth
Book attention. One has to admit, however, that his book is marked chiefly by an amiable reticence. If he has anything but good to say of any person or of any institution, he just leaves it out. He spent fifty-two years in the British Army, and as a successful and popular soldier came in touch with almost every leading personality of his time in the British Commonwealth, as well as many in France; the index occupies fifteen pages consisting entirely of names. One of them is mine, and I can remember to have heard from General Godley some shrewd and enlightening comments (not ill-natured) on persons which it would have been pleasant to find here. But the British Army's tradition discourages intellectual fencing

and desires in all intercourse to keep the temperature down. When General Godley was in command of the Army of the Rhine he went to visit his friend General Haking, then High Commissioner at Danzig—a place where tempers were explosive. But whenever arguments became heated, the High Commissioner “always produced from the drawer of his table the latest mechanical toy, and proceeded to play with it. Curiosity and amusement on the part of the disputants did the rest”. In the same spirit—and with the same shrewdness—whenever the subject dealt with has bordered on controversy, General Godley slides off on to sport or entertainments. No subject is thrashed out. Nothing is said that could lead to dispute; yet he was in charge of the British Army on the Rhine when the French occupied the Ruhr. Fortunately he was on excellent terms with the French generals, and was one of the people who can always see two sides to the question. All his references to the first Labour Government are most friendly, and also to the deputations of Labour members anxious to inform themselves on the spot. In short, it is a very typical British soldier's book, for the British military tradition has a profound faith in good humour and good temper. Out of his immense experience, General Godley could have told us a great deal more, both about war and peace. But perhaps it is the best proof of his successful wisdom that he has kept so strict a bridle on his pen.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

DE GERMANIA

By WICKHAM STEED

GERMANY—HAMMER OR ANVIL ?

By J. C. Johnstone. *Hutchinson*. 6d.

THE ECONOMIC RECOVERY OF

GERMANY, by C. W. Guillebaud.

Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

GERMANY'S NEXT AIMS, by Oswald

Dutch. *Arnold*. 10s. 6d.

NAZISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY, by

Mario Bendiscioli. Translated from

the Italian by Gerald Griffin.

Skeffington & Son. 10s. 6d.

GERMANY RAMPANT. A Study in

Economic Militarism. By Ernest

Hambloch. *Duckworth*. 10s. 6d.

The direct warrant for these five books is the threat of Hitlerite Germany to the civilized world. Behind it lies another warrant which Mr. A. L. Rowse recently defined when writing of Professor Edmond Vermeil's great work : "Doctrinaires de la Révolution Allemande" in words that deserve repetition :

The problem of Germany is the problem of Europe. There needs no apology for returning to it again and again, considering it now from this angle, now from that, since we have it with us always. If Germany involves Europe in another war, and is defeated, it will still be there. What are we to think of it ?

What we think of it depends upon the range of our knowledge and experience. My "range" I mean length as well as

breadth and depth. If, in depth, none of these five books can bear comparison with Professor Vermeil's masterly analysis of German thought from 1918 to 1938, one of them—the smallest and cheapest of all—is of especial value by reason of its historical sweep and grasp upon essentials. This is the Hutchinson "Pocket" Special which Mr. J. C. Johnstone calls, in Bulow's phrase, "Germany—Hammer or Anvil?"

The publication of such a book at such a price at such a time as this is a national service. Could its appearance have been delayed a week or two, so as to have enabled its author to record the suppression of Czechoslovakia (on March 15) and the subsequent German acquisition of Memel, it would have been as nearly perfect as so compressed a work can be. I have found in it only one serious flaw—the suggestion that the so-called "war-guilt" clause of the Versailles Treaty "branded" the German nation with a "moral stigma". Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty—the reparations clause which affirmed the responsibility, not the "guilt" of Germany and her allies for the loss and damage caused by their aggression—was not a moral indictment. When the German delegation at Versailles enquired whether this article were intended to cast a slur upon their nation they were informed that no slur was

implied since the article was solely a legal statement of claim for damages. The "aggression" of Austria-Hungary and Germany was not and could not be questioned. But the word "responsible" was deliberately mistranslated by the word "guilty"; and upon the mis-translation the Germans based their campaign against the "war-guilt lie" with the object of getting rid of reparations.

About the real "war-guilt" clause of the Treaty—Article 227—Germany made no fuss. It "publicly arraigned William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties". As Mr. Johnstone truly says in another connection:—

It is fundamental to remember that no important section of German opinion, and certainly none that had any chance of governing the country, has ever regarded the German defeat as the just retribution for an unsuccessful aggression. Of the makers and champions of the Republic it may be said, in general, that they looked upon Germany as the victim of the tragic blunders of the old *régime*, and as having nothing to repent of but errors of method.

So far, Hitler has improved upon the methods of the Second German Empire by scoring success after success for a policy of armed intimidation and of "bloodless" conquest. He has made William II of Hohenzollern look like an incompetent bungler. The number of Britons who know from experience how similar were the aims of pre-War Germany to those of Hitler is small and is rapidly decreasing. Mr. Johnstone's little book records the facts for the present generation. Hence its educational worth.

To those who still believe in economics

as the key to political problems Mr. Guillebaud's volume upon "The Economic Recovery of Germany" may be recommended as enlightening provided always that his faith in the substantial accuracy of German official statistics be taken as well-founded. For my part I could wish that he had dealt with what seems to me the most interesting feature of the Nazi economy that is to say, Hitler's theory that a nation's "power of work" is the only sound backing for its currency. The orthodox partisans of a gold standard no less than supporters of currencies on a "price level" or a "managed" basis would do well to think over Hitler's theory both in itself and in the light of its unexpressed political corollary that the "power of work" standard presupposes military and political power to compel other nations to accept German manufactured goods at German prices.

Signor Bendiscioli's "Nazism versus Christianity" is a lucid and, as far as the subject permits, objective study of the religious crisis in Germany and of its bearings upon Christian doctrine everywhere. He recognizes the fundamental clash between the racial teachings of Hitlerism and the Christian outlook which he regards as inseparable from Western civilization. In regard to this clash, he feels, the Christian conscience is not and cannot be neutral for if the German world really wishes to reconstruct its legal system, its culture and its life on the foundations of pre-Christian Germanism "it would be a terrible monster, inflamed with all the greed and all the passions of the ancient world, and equipped with all modern implements" of destruction "It would be a symbol as well as an example of the menace of modern

barbarism, and would indeed herald the downfall of Western civilization".

After a sober survey of the religious contest in Germany this Italian writer feels it to be "more and more difficult to cherish optimistic hopes". As far as the German churches are concerned, he may be right. But if he despairs of the ultimate triumph of a civilization largely inspired by the Christian ethic and by respect for the human personality I should not share his pessimism. Nazism and its works may be, indeed they are, almost wholly evil. Together, they form a "terrible monster". In spirit and method the Hitlerite revolution is what Dr. Rauschnig has aptly termed it, "The Revolution of Nihilism", in comparison with which the Russian Revolution may prove to be constructive. Both Mr. Oswald Dutch, in "Germany's Next Aims", and Mr. Ernest Hambloch in "Germany Rampant", illustrate its nature and define its purpose. The former work is precise, well-documented, and in some respects indispensable to those who would understand Hitlerite policy as it has been and will be. With its statement that "the fundamental principles of German policy will not undergo any substantial change so long as the destiny of the people is in the hands of the present régime" none will quarrel who know or care to know the facts. And few Britons will be able to read without a sense of shame some of Mr. Oswald Dutch's pages, particularly his reproduction of Dr. Hubert Masarzik's report upon the meeting between the Czechoslovak representatives and the British and French Prime Ministers at Munich in the small hours of September 30, 1938. Nor will any instructed reader doubt Mr. Hambloch's

account of the vision cherished by Adolf Hitler and his associates:—

Under the new All Highest War Lord, the Führer, the German is once more conscious of his mission. The powers of democratic darkness will be overthrown, and German honour will prevail. Conscious of his destiny as the Regenerator of Mankind, the German strides on to World Conquest or Downfall.

Surely it behoves the despised democracies, by timely union and with truer vision, to place the issue beyond a peradventure and to see to it that there shall be no "World Conquest" by the foes of human freedom.

BULGARIAN CONSPIRACY, by J. Swire. *Robert Hale*. 12s. 6d.

THE GREAT POWERS AND THE BALKANS 1875-1878, by Mihaile D. Stojanovic. *Cambridge University Press*. 12s. 6d.

To combat the interference of the Great Powers, King Alexander raised the slogan of "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples" and initiated the Balkan Pact. But it must be admitted that the natural turbulence, lawlessness and love of intrigue among the races liberated from the Turkish yoke have done much to postpone unity and settled peace. Mr. J. Swire's *Bulgarian Conspiracy* throws light both upon the unstable human element and upon foreign intrigue. Dr. Stojanovic's *Great Powers and the Balkans* covers ground adequately known to the historian, but is, as it were, a long introduction to the study of the Eastern Question and the rivalries of the European Powers.

Bulgaria has once again become a very important agency of Balkan unrest. Her development was thwarted by her

own treachery and miscalculated dependence upon Austria-Hungary in the Second Balkan War of 1913. Her German ruler fostered the spirit of revenge, and she came in on the wrong side in the Great War. She shared the ruin of the ambitions of the Central Powers, lost territory and became an impotent obscure little State nursing her grievances until the re-arming of Germany revived her hope of restitution. How she is liable to behave in the new era of European instability has now become of considerable importance, and Mr. Swire's almost encyclopædic volume on her troubled politics merits attention.

Serbs and Bulgars might well have pooled their interests and formed a more comprehensive Yugoslavia but for the German on the throne of Bulgaria. These peasant races with no aristocracy or even land-owning class might have been united under the Karageorgievitches, who are at least Balkan. The original mistake was made by Tsar Alexander II. of Russia nominating his nephew to be Prince of Bulgaria in 1879. His nephew Prince Alexander of Battenberg abdicated in 1886 and the Bulgarians chose another German, the extremely ambitious Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg at that time a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Prince Ferdinand, afterwards King or if you like Tsar of Bulgaria, was a clever and unscrupulous monarch who so far identified himself with the ambitions of his new country as to be able successfully to play off one political faction against another. Nominally he stood for a great Bulgaria; in truth he was but an arm of Austrian diplomacy. He deceived the masses of his simple subjects who had no manner of quarrel with their brother

Serbs. In the great war he served Germany. He lost his throne but received a pension. Unfortunately the dynasty was not swept away. His son Boris ruled in his stead.

Germany and Austria were out of the game, but another Great Power lent a hand to keep the Balkan ferment simmering. Italy did not like the emergence of an aggrandized Serbia. She coveted Dalmatia and conceived it to be to her interest to foment Bulgarian revengefulness and encourage her in revisionist claims. She subsidized the Macedonian revolutionary movement and dominating Albania took up a position flanking Macedonia so that when the Bulgars would be ready for a new war the Yugoslavs would be caught between two fires. And King Boris married an Italian princess.

Serbian Macedonia extending from the Vardar river to the mountains of Albania, inhabited by several races and Slavs speaking a dialect of their own can as easily be called Serb as Bulgarian. The Slavs are not nationally minded and are passive to a degree. Left to themselves they would never rise in revolt. But they must be made to appear determined to wrest their independence from the Serbs. The Macedonian revolutionary movement was organized from Sofia, and its real object was not the creation of an independent State but the annexation of South Serbia to Bulgaria. It raided Serb farms over the border; it held up and murdered men on the roads; it left bombs to explode in public buildings and all in the name of insurrectionary Macedonia which was all the while entirely pacific. Unfortunately for Bulgaria the Macedonian Committee developed into an enormous gangster

organization levying dues on the whole population of Bulgaria, committing murder and arson and inflicting on Bulgaria itself a terror which in the first place had been premeditated against Yugoslavia only. The astonishing story of the terror within Bulgaria is told in full in Mr. Swire's book. The author obviously distrusts Tsar Boris and if his estimate of the sovereign's character is correct one would be led to expect another treacherous Bulgarian attack upon the Serbs, should a conflict arise between Italy and Yugoslavia. The annexation of Albania must have resurrected the expectations of Bulgaria.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

RECORDS AND REACTIONS 1856—1939, by the Earl of Midleton. *John Murray*. 12s. 6d.

Lord Midleton is unduly modest about his book: no apology for its publication is called for, and Lord Midleton may be assured that it will be cordially welcomed, and attentively read, by a large circle of interested readers. For the book has several outstanding merits: it is singularly free from egoism; it is (as biographies go to-day) commendably brief; above all, from the first page to the last it is eminently readable. As a contribution to the history of the time, the book has permanent value mainly, though not exclusively, by reason of the light it throws upon the historic triangular dual between Lord Curzon, Lord Kitchener and the Balfour Government. On the personal aspect of the quarrel between Lord Curzon and Lord Midleton I happen to have a special interest as it was, I believe, at a dinner of the Canning Club at Oxford (at which

I was present) that the reconciliation between the two old friends took place. But this is by the way.

The whole Curzon-Kitchener-Balfour incident was on every ground deeply regrettable. The matter is treated in great, though far from excessive detail, in Chapter XVI, and, needless to add with great tact and with every possible consideration for the reputation of both his friends, Curzon and Balfour. With Curzon his "ties were unusually close for a quarter of a century from 1897", though as Lord Midleton modestly adds "I had no more pretension to compete with him intellectually than any other Balliol Commoner has with a Balliol Scholar". (By the way, Curzon was never, unless my memory is at fault, a "Scholar" of Balliol). Just before going to India Curzon wrote to Lord Midleton; "You have been the Good Genius of my life for twenty years".

But Mr. Balfour also, was Lord Midleton's friend—as well as his political chief, and the full discussion of the whole incident is in pious fulfilment of a "pledge given ten or twelve years ago to Balfour . . . that since he was unable to complete his autobiography I would take care to give to the public whatever was requisite to make clear the position of the Government in these proceedings". To reinforce his own recollections Lord Midleton reveals the fact that in "deference to Balfour's wish", and in proof of the importance which he and his colleagues attached to a vindication of their conduct, an "official narration of this period should be compiled and deposited with the India Office". This was done in 1926 by Lord Midleton "after close scrutiny by officials and by Lord Balfour

himself". The pity of it is that such a document could not have been scrutinized also by Lord Curzon, and deposited as an 'agreed narration'—but that would probably have been impossible, even though a personal reconciliation had happily taken place some years before Curzon's death in 1925.

It is plain that from the first Curzon was determined to be an autocrat in India and that he treated the Home Government with some disdain. Friction had consequently developed long before Lord Kitchener's appointment, notably in relation to the policy of the Indian Government towards Afghanistan and Tibet. . Incidentally, Mr. Francis Curzon mentions that Lord Curzon's document of 400 pages justifying his action vis-a-vis Lord Kitchener is still in existence. For reasons entirely honourable to Lord Curzon it was not published in his life time, but in view of Lord Midleton's statement that it was "the conviction of the whole Cabinet that despite Curzon's ability and knowledge his continuance in India in 1905 was a danger to the Empire" might it not now be simple justice to the memory of a great pro-Consul to publish it? It may be that, after Mesopotamia (in 1915) had vindicated the judgment of Lord Curzon in his controversy with Kitchener, further reference to the matter is superfluous. That is evidently a matter for Curzon's friends to decide.

Largely as the Curzon controversy looms it would be quite unfair to Lord Midleton and his book to suggest that there are not more of his "Records" that are not both interesting and important. Lord Midleton was almost continuously in office from 1886 to 1905; he was Secretary of State for War during the

greater part of the South African War (1900-1903) and for India (1903-5), and played a leading part in the abortive Irish Convention in 1917-8. As Secretary of State for War he was mainly responsible for the reforms effected immediately after the Boer War and in particular for the establishment of the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1902. In the latter connection he has a good deal to say about Lord Esher and his intervention in Military affairs; but though his criticism of the backstairs influence of Esher is severe, it is never bitter.

Of the author himself, history, I surmise, will say that he was representative of the best type of Englishman who with every temptation to a life of pleasure, devoted laborious days to the public service; filled high offices with credit to himself and advantage to the State; played a useful and unselfish part in local administration, and earned by sheer merit the rewards appropriate to the honourable discharge of the responsible duties imposed on him.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR, by Sean O'Casey. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

I THINK ALOUD IN AMERICA, by Odette Keun. *Longmans*. 12s. 6d.

INDIAN INK, by Philip Steegman. *Cobden Sanderson*. 10s. 6d.

It is not surprising to learn that Sean O'Casey's childhood was a very painful one. What is a miracle is the fact that a child could survive this pain let alone mature into the full consciousness of a Sean O'Casey.

Johnny Casside, as the author calls himself in this book, first came to know physical pain as soon as he tried to see

the light of day. That burning, searing pain was to increase as gradually he grew to consciousness. That cruel burning pain in his eyes, intensified only by light. There were other horrors too. There was poverty. There was the priest. There was the schoolmaster. One person shared this pain, his mother. She could feel for this pain behind his eyes. And she fought the added horrors of poverty, the priest and schoolmaster. Spiritual salvation and the three Rs were not so important as her child's sight. Didn't the doctor say he had to have as much air as he could get? And food too? She won for him the freedom of the Dublin streets after the priest and schoolmaster had done their best to beat the soul and sight out of him.

In these 'swift glances back at the thing that made me', Sean O'Casey casts back to episodes that happened in his life between the age of one and twelve. The result is a vivid description of Victorian Dublin, the brocade on the uniform of his sister's soldier boy lending colour to a drab parlour, and fragments of dialogue that must have been dedicated to posterity when spoken.

Thinking aloud is how Miss Odette Keun describes the process that went on to produce her latest book. The title of the book is apt. Miss Keun is honest, and I am certain that thought is not a vocal function.

Communism and Fascism stink, Democracy stinks, Europe stinks. Away from the stinks, she says, away to America, God's Own Country, Roosevelt's Own Country and, I suppose find some more stinks. Well, she'd had many faiths in her day, was her faith in America going to survive a

visit? She had believed in the Protestant Bible, The Catholic Church, Socialism, The War-To-End-War, Reconstruction, the Russian Revolution, The League of Nations, the Unshakeableness of the Pound Sterling, My Own Soul, and A Great Genius, and they had all exploded. Yes, she saw all her beliefs 'explode, one after another, with a very terrible noise and a very horrible stink . . .' The Russian Revolution was a particularly bad stink. Is Jew-baiting in America going to blow the bottom out of her faith in America as a stronghold of Democracy? Naturally, we all of us hope not, but not for the sake of Auld Lang Syne or Odette Keun.

Miss Keun's criticism of American social habits, politics and constitution is on occasions shrewd. Her wit is live, but her theories, which always develop into diatribes, would sound much better transcribed into music for brass bands. Her diatribe on Russia could be described as a Variation On A Theme By Trotsky. Her book has that appeal which is associated usually with the best tradition only in soap-box oratory. You've just got to listen to Odette Keun thinking aloud.

Philip Steegman, a young English portrait painter, found a shortage of patrons in this country and America, so packed up his traps and went East. It would have been better if he'd gone for no particular reason at all. Still, if one must have a reason for going anywhere, looking for patrons at least has the virtue of originality. He wasn't escaping stinks, and that's something.

His description of the Ganges, the main drain of India, is a prose painting in chrome yellow. His Indian

encounters are amusing if slightly superficial, a series of filmy, shadowy and flitting impressions. Occasionally he remembers he is a painter and lets the reader have it hot and strong.

"A painting", he says, "is just nothing more than an inevitable evacuation from his body . . . If a rare painter, by controlling his evacuations through his spirit, happens to perform a singular service to humanity, he had not done it with any deliberate intent. He has done his stuff. Art for art's sake is as futile as good for goodness sake". Personally I find Philip Steegman evacuating more ideas on the subject of painting than on his reactions to the Valley of Nepal. Description for the sake of description is as futile as chrome for chrome's sake.

MAX WOOD.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, by W. Watkin Davies. *Constable*. 12s. 6d.
JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD, by Lord Elton. *Collins*. 18s.

No doubt it was an accident that these two books should be published at the same time, but it was most appropriate. The two men were born within three years of each other. Both have been prime ministers of Britain. Both were ambitious men and achieved their ambitions. Ramsay MacDonald passed quickly through Liberalism to become the unquestioned leader of the Labour Party for thirty years and finished his career in the closest collaboration with the Tory Party. Lloyd George became the unquestioned Leader of Liberalism and despite some vasculations has remained a liberal leader, although, alas, without an army.

Lord Elton concludes his first volume of the life of Ramsay MacDonald at the end of 1919. The reader will be

impatient to read on for the life story is well told. Mr. Davies finishes his account of Mr. Lloyd George with 1914. That is a pity. We would have liked more although the full story is not yet ended. For it is difficult to sum up the career of so dynamic a leader in British history without considering much more than Mr. Davies has told us. It is to be hoped that he will produce a further volume, for there is no doubt that he knows his hero and writes of him with critical understanding and sympathy.

At the same time the student will be disappointed by the inadequate analyses of the philosophy of these men. Lord Elton for example, says rightly that MacDonald's "political argument is based upon the analogy with biology". I wish he had developed this idea at some length, for that is precisely what led MacDonald into the camp of Toryism. He regarded society as an organism, its classes as organs of the body politic, which would slowly evolve, through the growth of intelligence, into a socialist society. He abhorred the struggles and upheavals in society. They did not fit in with his theory of how society ought to evolve. He was always moralizing against the way society actually evolved and the weight of his influence was directed to the harmonizing of differences which refused to be harmonized. Hence the deeper the crises, the more he sought to preserve the stability of existing classes as the basis for his much desired slow orderly evolution, lest the decay of one organ infect the whole body politic. This explains why he finished in the camp of Toryism still protesting his loyalty to his socialist ideals. His socialism was a dream which influenced his practice. But his practice at best was akin to Disraelian Toryism.

Lloyd George was not one who thought of biological analogies. He breathed radical liberal politics from his earliest days. He grew amidst radical religious nonconformity. He was a member of a small nation suffering disabilities at the hands of Englishmen. He accepted present organization of society as quite natural, but he was convinced that the common people were not getting a square deal. He regarded the land lords as the principal exploiters of the people and he went for them with the gloves off. He was a grand fighter for the things in which he believed, although, as he reached positions of power, his opportunism too frequently became detached from his liberal principles and harnessed to his own power politics.

History will give due credit to him for his part as leader of Britain in the war years of 1914-18; but it will also have to record that he went dangerously near to forgetting his liberalism and becoming a leader of reaction when he flirted with Hitlerism as a bulwark against social revolution.

Mr. Davies tells us how clearly Lloyd George saw the fate of the Liberal Party long before the war and that the Limehouse campaign was his attempt to prevent the growth of the then very young Labour Party. 1919 saw the Liberal Party split in pieces and Lloyd George frantically striving to form a permanent coalition of the Liberals and Tories. In the light of his subsequent return to Liberal principles, when once he had seen the full significance of the growing power of Fascism, it is intriguing to ponder upon what would have happened in British politics, had he and Ramsay MacDonald changed places in the year

1906. Read these two most interesting and well written books and think it over.

J. T. MURPHY

THE THIBAUTS, by Roger Martin Du Gard. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

THE STRONGHOLD, by Richard Church. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE, by O. M. Greene. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

In novel-writing, as in so many things, the French are much better than we are. What English novelist can write the *conte*, as well, say, as Jouhandeau or Mauriac? And in the family saga—supposed to be our own preserve—how wretched Galsworthy must look beside Duhamel, Romans or Du Gard? Galsworthy, indeed, grotesquely over-read and over-praised a few years ago, has disappeared completely, never to return. What makes the Forsytes so dead and the Thibaults so alive? Not (we must hardly denigrate ourselves to this extent) that English families are less alive, varied and unexpected than French; the reverse, if anything, is true.

Stephen Gwynn's life of a famous Irishman

Henry Grattan and his Times

"Mr. Gwynn has succeeded admirably in presenting that combination of statesmanlike ideas with the lack of statesmanlike qualities which makes Grattan one of the most interesting failures of political history."—

W. T. WELLS (*Fortnightly Review*).

A HARRAP BOOK

No, it is the method, the tradition, the style that is at fault. How well, for example, M. Du Gard describes adolescence : there is a ban on such sympathetic statement here. The two boys in *The Thibaults*, Daniel and Jacques, are the most vividly seen faces in the book ; we feel the truth of their adolescent attachment, of their poetry writing, their love affairs, their hesitations, their dreams. Grown-ups nearly always make the mistake of treating children as either peons or monsters ; and so it is here. The misunderstanding by parents and priests, of the relationship between the two boys strikes us as natural and short-sighted ; and the passages depicting a reformatory school to which one of them is packed off are revealing. Such scenes would be impossible too, because outside the range of sympathy of an English writer.

And how readable M. Du Gard is ! Slaving for years he has mastered a packed and vivid style. One thinks again of poor old Galsworthy and his lame slipshod speech and the tradition of bad writing going back to Dickens and Scott. But if your novelist is going to write badly he must have something remarkable to say ; Galsworthy had nothing. Both in matter and manner *The Thibaults* is a remarkable book : as broad and humane as Duhamel, as sensitive in its understanding of immature emotion as Gide. Though long, it is not a page too long ; and one is delighted to see that a further novel, dealing with the war years, is to be added.

Mr. Church has the misfortune of not being a Frenchman. That is to say, a small stretch of his story is autobiographical and therefore arresting ; the remainder is Dickens, considerably

watered-down and given a touch of prettiness. The style smacks of lemon barley water, pleasant enough for a summer afternoon but not very filling, I did not personally enjoy this volume quite so much as *The Porch*, but it contains better passages. The descriptions of an operation, an air raid, a child birth, though here harshly enhanced, are impressive and somewhat unexpected. Mouncer, who died in the first volume, survives in poems which are recovered. He is one of the few convincing poets in modern fiction ; for, oddly enough, he writes poetry. Perhaps the chief fault of Mr. Church's style is that he spreads it too evenly over his different characters. A love scene, whoever is speaking, inevitably begins : " You dear fool " or " You darling idiot ". They all seem to have learnt in the same demure mid-nineteenth-century school. I would advise Mr. Church, in his next volume, to vary the address and title.

The Night of the Fire is a good crackling thriller. A barber in a Welsh village commits theft and then murder—and the story describes his adventures while he is being hunted down. The murderer's trade is fresh in a book of this sort, and the passages that deal with it are congenial. It makes a good thriller. But it lacks the hunt-the-slipper element of the detective story and the moral values of the psychological novels. It excites but does not disturb. Perfect night-reading for the insomniac.

G. W. STONIER.

LEONARD DA VINCI, *The Tragic Pursuit of Perfection*, by Antonina Vallentin. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

Researches into the life and mentality of Leonardo of Vinci range from the

elaborate psychological romance of Merejkovski and the acute psycho-analytic monograph of Freud, to the superb prose of an appreciation by Pater or the revealing documents of the Notebooks of Leonardo himself.

Madame Vallentin has wended her way through this mass of scholarship with consummate ease and considerable care, and she has drawn copiously on the Notebooks as her best ultimate authority. From these, certain things indisputable, emerge; for everyone is agreed upon the diversity and profundity of Leonardo's interests and the scientific observations in which he indulged during his life-time. Among these activities painting and sculpture occupy a comparatively small space, though drawing is a much more consistent practice chiefly because of its inestimable value as illustration to scientific researches. But Leonardo's painting is inextricably mixed with his scientific discoveries and depends for its unmistakable character upon the intellectually curious attitude of his mind; in fact one may say that he is more scientific in his picture-making than any preceding Florentine.

First he is concerned with representing three-dimensional objects. He says, "The first aim of a painter must be to give the smooth surface of a picture the appearance of a relief standing out from the background. He who surpasses all others in this point deserve to be called the greatest." It is interesting to compare such an æsthetic philosophy with modern tenets, a comparison prompted throughout the volume by quotations from Leonardo's writings, though not indulged in by the author. Leonardo was therefore concerned with perspective, linear and aerial, and from this he passes naturally enough to mathematics and geometry. Realizing

the importance of light and shade in making his three-dimensional representation, he studies chiaroscuro, the fall of light, and finally optics. Pursuing the same essentially logical attitude, the outward appearance of objects is seen to depend largely upon their inner construction. Leonardo therefore becomes an anatomist to discover the play of muscles and the construction of bones and sinews; a geologist to discover the formation of rock structures; a botanist to observe the forms of vegetation; and soon scientific thought is extended from geology to geography, and cartography; from anatomy to comparative anatomy, dietetics and so on. Atmosphere is studied, cloud forms watched. Inquiries are set going on air currents, and from thence to the construction of a flying machine is but a step.

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However, Leonardo did not regard his scientific work or his intellectual curiosity as merely part of his plastic creativeness, for no painter—not even Leonardo could include all his discoveries in a picture. Nor is this necessary, since Art does not depend on erudition. Leonardo's curiosity is therefore much more likely to have been innate and fostered by the circumstances of early youth, as Freud suggests.

The weakness of Madame Vallentin's painstaking work lies in the lack of precision in the analysis of Leonardo's character, and the rejection of any but the more obvious evidence; and its strength in the fascinating picture she paints of political and social life in Italy in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries — especially in Milan. This life—in the last analysis—set the limits to the acceptance of Leonardo's genius, and Madam Vallentin recreates it unforgettably.

LEONARD GREAVES.

THE TRAGIC LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO,

by Léon Daudet. Translated by James Whitall. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

by Octave Aubry. Translated by F. M. Atkinson. *Cobden Sanderson*. 16s.

Two enemies. Passion still beats about them. The Second Empire has left traces in current history, not merely that which ended with the disaster of 1870. The Empress lived to see Sédan revenged. Victor Hugo died in 1885, while for a long generation yet the Strasbourg column in the Place de la Concorde was to be hung with immortelles. Yet it is possible to write the story of Eugénie without mention-

ing him; his can never be separated from the drama of the Empire.

Léon Daudet looks at Victor Hugo's life from the midst of a circle like his own: that of man of letters, journalist, politician—from the same Paris yet how different; its vitality intact, its hatreds red-hot, its love of pleasure defiant of all British conventions. No man is better qualified to tell Victor Hugo's story again, and it has been done with integrity, a ruthless candour and a narrative vigour in the modern French tradition. But English readers will find none of André Maurois' urbane extenuations.

M. Daudet married Hugo's granddaughter and has succeeded to his turbulent political heritage. Time has turned their rôles upside down. Hugo's invective was directed against "Napoléon le Petit". Léon Daudet is the leader of the French royalists. Englishmen find it difficult to enter into a rancour of parties of which we have no example in the same degree since 1714. The bitter memories of six different *régimes* in a century have passed us by. But it would be foolish to dismiss as mere extremism a passion which can dictate such books as Daudet's *L'Agonie du Régime* or *Le Stupide XIX Siècle*. The second looks back to 1789 as the source of all subsequent wounds on the body of France. The Empress too, as well as her enemies, did not forget Marie Antoinette: "L'Espagnole" after "L'Autrichienne".

Here M. Daudet leaves current politics save for an occasional biting phrase. His own immersion in them makes him a keen-eyed judge of Hugo's political life. The verdict is cruel. In exile "the scourge of the Empire . . . became the Robinson Crusoe of the English Channel".

Nineteen years passed. The exile's predictions came true. Five days after the Fourth of September Victor Hugo returned to Paris with a Proclamation in his pocket. The expectant dictator was ignored in the formation of the revolutionary Government. His Proclamation "was thought, and rightly, to be empty and bombastic. In a week Hugo was forgotten, so were his years of exile".

There is no hero to this book. Juliette Drouet is its heroine. Denigration of the private life of Victor Hugo spares this loyal, injured woman; herself the supplanter of Madame Hugo. Both were forced witnesses of a succession of squalid amours, continued into old age. His children were other victims. But the title justifies itself. The "tragic life" was that of Victor Hugo.

Octave Aubry's theme and method are different. His book is a sympathetic study of the Empress which gains by its fairness to the Emperor. Eugénie's mistakes are not spared. The Mexican adventure was hers more than his. As Regent her courage was greater than her political capacity. Sédan and all that followed have robbed neither Napoleon nor Eugénie of some touch of greatness. France rose again from the humiliation of 1870. But for the death of the Prince Imperial the Napoleonic tradition might well have had a later part to play. His loss, not that of the throne, was the Empress's tragedy. "He was the future": M. Aubry shows all this well.

Eugénie's exile at Chiselhurst and Claremont, Victor Hugo's in Jersey and Guernsey, bring them both into an English scene. Neither belonged there; neither could escape a destiny shaped or shaping elsewhere. But if the figure of the Empress retains

dignity as well as glamour, that of Hugo still defies defamation. M. Daudet judges rather than belittles him. He compares him in one of his aspects to Flaubert's Homais, the apothecary. The apothecary had his heroic moments. The Channel Islands saw the flowering of Victor Hugo's genius.

Translators have done their work well in both these books. Mr. Whitall has the more difficult task because Léon Daudet's prose, like his matter, is French and could be nothing else.

W. THOMSON HILL.

MISCELLANEA.

LIFE WITHIN REASON, by Ivor Brown (Liberal Book Club). *Nicholson & Watson*. 2s. 6d.

For this first volume the Liberal Book Club could not have made a happier choice. Thanks to a well-stocked mind and a rare sense of proportion—and, be it said, to the permanent contact with life which his profession of journalist-commentator and dramatic critic ensures—Mr. Brown is singularly free from those mental quirks and emotional fevers which have done so much to discredit the Liberal party politicians and their camp-following. Here he is

THE ARYAN PATH

Vol. X

JUNE

No. 6

The Failure of the Christian Churches. L. A. G. STRONG
Paternalism in Industry. GEORGE GODWIN
The Mystery of Coincidence. CECIL PALMER
Way of Knowledge. J. D. BERESFORD
The Child and Religion. ELIZABETH CROSS

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concerned as an unrepentant Radical "to discover why so many of our hopes have foundered", to reinstate reason in politics on condition that it be grounded in life and common sense. Too long have the doctrinaire scribes and the dabblers neglected the springs of political action, scorned the teachings of everyday psychology. It is a treat to find some one recognizing the itch for self-abasement, the "lust for obeisance" as 'one of the strongest traits of human nature'; inveighing against the comfortable assumption that only the anti-democratic States indulge in 'power-politics'; facing up to the fact that "what is murdering democracy to-day is not the old oppression from on top but the abject deification from below"; and, in general, pleading for a sane, clear-eyed vision undimmed by "the heady liquors of righteous indignation".

A FLYING START, by René MacColl.
Cape. 8s. 6d.

By what standards is this slim autobiographical sequence to be judged? The author, now in the early thirties, passed through the normal stages of a cultured Hampstead home, (his father was the eminent art critic D.S.M.), University College School, Oxford and business in Brussels into a distinctly abnormal, not to say cyclonic, period as secretary to the incredible American millionaire, Van Lear Black, and thence, after some years, into the comparatively calm haven of journalism, the latter period including experience in America and India as well as England. He tells his tale competently and at times, vividly, especially when describing the adventures of his employer in flying and money-spending. But there does not seem to be any real justifica-

tion for such a book in these days when young men's out-of-the-way experiences are two a penny. The screen of life to-day deserves a more substantial or more entertaining theme.

REASON IN POLITICS, by K. B. Smellie. *Duckworth. 12s. 6d.*

Mr. Smellie's book is not history nor metaphysics nor political philosophy but a compound or mongrel product of all three, Part I. is a rather pedestrian and obscure, because too compressed, analysis of political thought from the earliest times up to Karl Marx. The second Part, which is much more worth while, discusses the inter-relations of the three branches of social science (adding economics) and concludes with two illuminating chapters on 'the State', which, however, are distressingly abstract for the ordinary English reader—and are also, incidentally, to a considerable extent, abstractions from the thought-webs of Continental jurist-philosophers like Hans Kelsen.

DAYS IN OLD SPAIN, by Gertrude Bone. Illustrations by Muirhead Bone. *Macmillan. 12s. 6d.*

For the benefit of ordinary mortals the publishers have had the good sense to produce this distillation of the latter part of Old Spain, 100-guinea *magnum opus* of Sir Muirhead Bone. Lady Gertrude writes with sensitiveness and a fine sympathy for the people of Spain on whom their political shortcomings have visited the terrible tragedy of these last years. There are 50 special and utterly delightful illustrations, and two final chapters on Popular Life which introduce us to Dolores, Concepcion and Presentacion.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

Pending the arrival of General Weygand, detained in Paris to report to his Government on a recent mission in South Eastern Europe, the party of French officers which recently came to visit the British military leaders was headed by General J. C. Dufieux. THE FORTNIGHTLY is particularly fortunate, therefore, in having secured from this distinguished officer an authoritative survey of the strategy of the present international situation: and we are paying our readers the compliment of publishing the article in the original French. General Dufieux was formerly Officer Commanding l'Ecole Supérieure de Guerre, and until his retirement a few months ago, Inspecteur General de l'Infanterie. He has also recently been at the head of the principal Training School for Reserve Officers.

The ties that bind England and France together are increasing all the time, and very many of our readers will be pleased to have a more thorough understanding of what conscription means to a Frenchman, as explained by D. R. Gillie. Darsie Gillie was correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Warsaw, Berlin and Paris—and then had a period of service with *The Times*. There are few journalists to-day with a more intelligent appreciation of French life

and values. We are publishing also a vignette on another corner of France, of which little is heard usually, except the name. Michael Langley, who sends this article on Corsica, has contributed before to our columns. He is now on a visit to the countries of south-eastern Europe and the Near East with shores in the Mediterranean.

For the time being there is, outwardly, a lull in the international tension, and it is possible to stand back a little to survey the scene. We therefore asked Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., to focus the present state of relations between the two English-speaking democracies. He needs no introduction. In India as President of the Legislative Assembly, 1920-25, in China as Political Adviser to the National Government 1929-32, he had a record of distinguished service; and since 1937, he has been Director of the English-Speaking Union.

Coming nearer home we are fortunate in having an interesting paper on 'The State of Denmark' from Tyge Lassen, a distinguished Danish editor having numerous ties of friendship with this country. His newspaper is the *Aalborg Amtstidende*, published daily in North Jutland—the leading paper of that Island. Another country which is feeling the breath of the

German *Macht* impulse is Holland. Lilo Linke, who sketches the present mind and mood of the Dutch, will be known to many of our readers as the author of *Allah Dethroned*, the story of her wanderings in the new Turkey. A previous book of hers, *Restless Flags* gave an admirable picture of the fevered younger generation in post-war Germany. Robert Sencourt who appeals for a new approach by Englishmen to the Spanish régime, is the author of *Spain's Uncertain Crown* (1932) and *The Spanish Ordeal* (1938). Manuel Chaves Nogales, formerly editor of *Ahora* (Madrid) has remained outside the partisan strife which has rent unhappy Spain.

Many of us are unhappy about the disastrous turn that Anglo-German relations have taken in recent years. The broad human view—as distinct

from that of the politically-minded—is expressed in the article by Edmund Blunden. As poet and sensitive writer on literary themes Edmund Blunden needs no commendation. *Undertones of War* remains one of the most notable 'war' books. He is a Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford.

In the home field we confine ourselves to the new and swiftly-developing subject of television. Edward Liveing, who traces its progress over the past two years, was until 1937, North Regional Director of the B.B.C.—and he is an authority on all matters connected with broadcasting. He is a Director—and founder—of 'Motoring Abroad Publications Ltd.', which has just published its first number—'Motoring in Denmark'.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

P E P (Political and Economic Planning) have recently completed their survey on the Location of Industry, and the book can be obtained from the offices of P E P, 16, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1, price 10s. 6d., postage 6d. extra. Like their other well known surveys, this study of the problem is marked by a thoroughness which is characteristic of the whole organization. The survey has taken four years to prepare, and a number of leading economists, town and country planners, and men with industrial and administrative experience have been considering questions such as "Is it inevitable that the South should attract more and more new industries at the expense of the North and West?" And again "Must everything be controlled from London, with the provincial towns acting simply as 'Branch offices' to carry out London's instructions?" The main proposal of the survey is that an Industrial Development Commission should be established to study the location of industry, to guide new growth by means of a licensing system, and to exercise nationally many of the functions now performed by the Commissioners of Special Areas in certain limited districts.

* * * * *

The splendid P E P survey might well be read in conjunction with "The Home Market", published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin at 12s. 6d. This is a most entertaining as well as thoughtful production teeming with facts of great importance to the business world and of extreme interest to the sociologist. Symbols and charts are used to convey the main information very quickly and it is possible to tell at a glance that Lancashire and Cheshire are still more densely populated than the area in and around London. Here are a few facts and figures. Forty-five per cent. of the population of Great Britain is concentrated in ten big urban centres; between 1934 and 1937 the population of Great Britain increased by 607,000; by 1941 there will be 46,500,000 persons in Great Britain, and from that date the population will decline, if the present birth rate continues, to 5 million in one hundred years time. Fifty-four per cent. of British families now consist of less than four persons.

* * * * *

A new publication, "Air Raid Defence", will be of interest to our readers, particularly as it is, in reality, the official bulletin of The Air Raid Defence League (incorporating the National Association of Air Raid Wardens), Fielden House, 10, Great College Street, Westminster, S.W.1. This League founded to bring together all those interested in Civil Defence, and to provide reliable and independent information and advice on the subject, has Mr.

Bernard Machell as its secretary, while Sir Arthur Salter, M.P., takes a very active part in its affairs. So far there have been three bulletins, the March issue dealing with Shelter Policy, the April issue with a general outline of Civil Defence, and the May number with Evacuation. Further bulletins will shortly be published dealing with the organization of Medical Services and the Warden Service. Life Membership of the League involves one payment of £21. Founder members pay £2 2s. per annum and ordinary members six shillings.

* * * * *

Simpsons (Piccadilly) Ltd., in conjunction with Messrs. Foyles, held the first of their monthly Literary Teas on Wednesday, March 17, when Mr. Christopher Stone, Mr. R. C. Sherriff, Mr. Louis Golding and Mr. Collie Knox started the discussion "Are the English Understood". Unfortunately, Mr. Knox proved rather more shy than he is apt to appear in daily journalism, and it was said for him that he thought that authors should be read and not heard. Messrs. Simpsons' idea, however, is a good one. Informal tea gatherings will be held each month to discuss a subject of common interest with a lead given by a three or more literary lions.

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